

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, NOVEMBER, 1841.

Original. EDUCATION.*

BY E. THOMSON.

EDUCATION should be what its name imports. It is derived from two words—*e* and *duco*, which signify to lead out; and it means development. There is a very great error prevalent on this subject. Were we to consult the general opinion of parents, tutors, and pupils, we should suppose that education was the very reverse of development. When a parent directs his teacher in the education of his children, he informs him that he wishes them to have so much knowledge communicated, say of grammar, arithmetic, Latin, &c. He sends his child to *school* as he does to the merchant, to get so much, as though *knowledge*, like *cloth*, could be measured by yard-sticks. The schoolmaster generally provides himself with a stock of the saleable branches of education, and prepares to supply all orders in his line. He regards his scholars as the druggist does his phials. He takes their minds one by one, and pours in, pours in, from his larger vessel, of the required material, as though it were oil, and carefully corks it up, fearing lest the least motion should spill the precious article. The parent upon receiving his child acts upon the same principle, and examines the child's head to see if it be *full*. The poor child, too, always thinks of education as of a process of filling up. He goes into the school-room as he would go into prison, expecting to have his mind confined, and handled, and filled up, and shook down. Now the truth is that education is *following out* nature, instead of confining and crossing her. It consists in leading *out* the mind. The school-room should be an enchanted spot, and the child should enter it as the candidate for the prize entered into the Olympic games, or as the Indian engages in the gigantic pastimes of the wilderness. It is the arena for mental sport and mental struggle, with a view to mental development. An ancient teacher, Leucippus, understood the principle, when he directed the pictures of joy and gladness to be hung around his school-room. I am aware that much useful knowledge is communicated in the halls of science. There is no branch of science which does not contribute its share of valuable facts. The *ordinary* branches of *English education* derive their chief value from their being available to the practical purposes of life; but in reference to most branches of knowledge, the primary object is the development, discipline, and strength of the intellectual powers. This principle will enable us to determine the question so much agitated in our own day in relation to the necessity of

the classics and mathematics. I know that the demand of the age is for practical knowledge. We are becoming exclusively utilitarian. We cultivate a contempt for every thing which has not a practical application. The writings of several eminent men in this country and in Europe, have contributed largely to give this direction to public sentiment. The general inquiry among parents is, what will enable my son to make money? Under the influence of a Carthaginian avarice, the process of reasoning seems to be getting out of vogue. There is scarce any promiscuous assembly who can listen, for an hour, to a connected chain of thought. The only mental operations for which our age seems to be fitted, are arithmetical calculations, and the memory of facts. It is not surprising that the classics and mathematics are sinking into neglect.

There are reasons why they should be studied independent of their power to train the mind. The latter are indispensable to the investigation of important problems in the natural sciences; and the former are serviceable by explaining the general principles of grammar, enabling the student to drink the waters of the purest fountains of classic literature, uncorrupted by translation, and giving him clearness and copiousness of language; but the great advantage consists in the exercise of abstraction, attention, and memory. If we overlook all minor advantages, and regard the classics and mathematics as instruments of mental training merely, and if we insist that practical benefits alone should be regarded in the education of the young, *yet* may we show that they are important. When the physician bids his dyspeptic patient to go to some distant spring, whose waters are *falsely* supposed to be medicated, does he act unwisely? What though the invalid obtains no medicine by his journey, may he not be benefited? The change of habits, of air, of scenery, of thought, of diet, and the healthful exercise of body, may co-operate to produce a cure of his loathsome malady, and confer upon him the highest blessings, viz., a *cheerful mind*, and a sound and vigorous body. Is it affirmed that a man derives no valuable fact from the study of classics and mathematics? For the sake of argument we grant it; but then we declare that he derives blessings incomparably superior to a world of facts, viz., a strong, active, and vigorous mind.

In the ablest argument to which I ever listened against these branches of study, the principle reliance was placed upon the alledged fact, that students generally forget their classical and mathematical acquisitions soon after they leave the halls of science. I know that men rarely think of Euclid or Virgil, when they are engaged in the ordinary avocations of life, unless they are engaged in professions which require an application of them. But what of that? Has the youth derived

* Concluded from page 293.

no benefit from his books and diagrams? Shall the man who has safely crossed the ocean dry shod, affirm, when he has landed, and has no more need of transportation over the waves, that ships are of no consequence? The chief advantage of books consists in their bearing the soul across the gulf which separates ignorance from knowledge.

It is impossible for an individual, however negligent he may be in relation to his collegiate studies, to deprive himself of their advantages. When a man has climbed the ladder whose foot is on the ground, and whose summit is in the sky, though every round beneath him should crumble into dust, he remains in his lofty elevation.

Learning raises a man into the region of imagination, taste, and reason; and though her paths may be forgotten, her votary remains the enraptured spectator of a world of loveliness and glory.

Besides the instruction to which we have referred, the natural sciences should receive a large share of attention, particularly philosophy, chemistry, botany, physiology, geology. These sciences are of especial importance to western Americans.

The *modern* languages are too much neglected in our literary institutions of every grade. They are worthy to be studied for various reasons, but chiefly because they contain much valuable information in every department of science. It must be a source of the highest satisfaction to the physician, to read the works of Bichat, Magendie, or Duchadela, in his own tongue, or to the divine to peruse the works of the renowned Genevese pastor or the amiable and elegant Fenelon, undiluted by translation.

It appears to me that special attention should be given to the arts of speaking and writing. In this land, where every man is liable to be called to take an active part in the political discussions which agitate the country, and even to represent freemen in the halls of legislation, it is highly important that the student be early taught to deliver his sentiments fluently and with effect. When this art shall be more generally taught, the counsels of wisdom shall be less often overwhelmed by the declamations of imbecility. Writing is no less important than speaking. How often has the venerable minister whose heart was holy, and whose mind was rich, perished from the earth without leaving any thing by which the world might be improved after his decease. I have known the physician, whose fame extended from sea to sea, ridiculed and pitied, because his composition was so slovenly and ungrammatical that it scarcely conveyed the thoughts he wished to communicate. Some of the ablest practitioners that ever attended the bed-side of the sick have lived and died in the western country. Had a Hines or Goforth written the results of his enlarged experience and valuable reflections, the record would have blessed the world long after the tracing hand "had forgotten its cunning." The situation of our western fathers in their youth precluded the acquisition of the necessary preliminary education, and hence their valuable knowl-

edge was limited to a small circle within the generation in which they lived, and their names will be forgotten in the generation which shall succeed. *They* may be excused—peace to their ashes!—but if their sons do not bless the world with the pen, on *them* and on *their* teachers, must rest an onerous responsibility.

I will not detail all the sciences which ought to enter into a course of instruction; but before I leave the subject I will drop a remark in relation to the study of political philosophy. Our own Constitution should be studied in all colleges, seminaries, and common schools. By the study of our Constitution I do not mean the bare reading or committing of its articles, but the comprehending of them by tracing them to their origin through their development in the history of our country, and in the legislation of the government. I am happy to say that we have text-books prepared to our hand, on this subject, and adapted to every class of scholars. The extensive dissemination among the youth of our country of sound and ample views of this great instrument would do more to save our institutions from destruction than any thing that can be devised.

It is not, however, by a knowledge of books merely that a mind can be properly educated. The mere book-worm is a useless animal, and for aught that he does might as well have never lived. He who would have a mind properly trained, must acquire a knowledge of men and things. He must learn wisdom from brooks and vales, mountains and cataracts. The earth and seas must be questioned, and the sun, moon, and stars made to yield their share of instruction. The child should cultivate acquaintance with nature, and be taught to woo her as his mistress; and, that he may acquire the indispensable element of round-about common sense, should be allowed to have free collision with his fellows.

Moreover, the youth should be made to emerge from the little circle of self, and to feel that he is an inhabitant of a deep and beautiful universe, which it is alike his duty and his privilege to explore; and he should be brought *up, up* from the little domicile of his father, and made to realize that he is a member of the great family of God, and that it is his duty to prepare himself to bless the world and all the future generations of mankind.

Education should be more than the development of the intellect. Man is a compound being, and every element of his complex structure requires to be evolved. It has been the fatal error of mankind ever since the revival of letters to regard the youth as a mere intellectual machine. The wants of the body have been overlooked. One of these four results have generally followed: Either the individual has become disgusted with the paths that lead to fame, and retired before his frame sank beneath his toil; or he has become diseased and his life has been embittered with pain and anguish; or, third, he has descended to a premature grave; or, lastly, he has become an idiot. A truant, or a dunce, or one whose constitution is as brass, may live under

college discipline; but woe to the respectful genius who submits to college commons and collegiate restraint.

Go read the history of Senius. It is a history of infirmities which no eye can trace without being moistened with tears. Is it reasonable to destroy our usefulness in cultivating our minds? Is it right to disregard the laws which God has written legibly in the liver and the lungs? As well blot out the decalogue as treat with contempt the hand-writing of God on the visible temple in which his image dwells. Moreover, if man be disposed to run the hazard of meeting the frowns of God for the violation of his physical laws, and be willing to perish a martyr to fame, is it the surest way to attain the enviable summit for which ambition pants?

How often do we see the man of giant powers and sanctified feelings, cultivated in the highest degree, sinking into the grave before he has been enabled to turn his noble powers to good account by the performance of a single important action! There is scarce a cemetery that does not read unheeded lessons to mankind on the folly of such a course. Many a name that is found only on the humble head-stone of a new mown grave might have been transmitted to posterity embalmed in undecaying glory, had its possessor regarded the fiat of Jehovah inscribed in the constitution of his earthly tabernacle.

Again, from a neglect of the body there often results a worse consequence than death itself. The mind is influenced by the body. This was known to the ancients, and passed into a proverb—*mens sana in corpore sano*. It was known before Rome was founded by one who said that much study is a weariness of the flesh. I have seen the mighty intellect gradually weakened by unremitting toil, until second childishness and mere oblivion succeeded Ulyssian wisdom and Homeric sublimity, long ere the golden bowl was broken, or the silver cord was loosed.

It is not enough to develop the intellect and the body. There are other faculties besides the merely corporeal and mental. The moral faculties, above all others, are in need of training. The physical organs are the servants of the intellectual powers, but both are subjected to the moral and higher faculties. In consequence of the fall, the latter have lost much of their power, while the mere animal propensities have acquired preternatural momentum. Hence, the highest object of education is to develop the conscience and the affections—those elements of his nature by which man bears the image of his Creator, and which, if properly cultivated, will qualify him for a participation in the happiness of heaven.

It is astonishing that in this day of reform it should be thought a strange doctrine, that education should embrace the culture of the heart. Long since was the question settled. It has been so regarded by the greatest lights in every age from the last to that of Aristotle. Locke, the most distinguished of modern metaphysicians, says, "I place virtue as the first and most necessary of those endowments which belong to a man,"

&c. Lord Kames says, "It appears unaccountable that our teachers generally have directed their instructions to the head with so little attention to the heart." "The end of learning," according to the immortal Milton, "is to repair the ruin of our first parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing ourselves of true virtue, which, united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection."

Many other illustrious authorities of modern times might be cited, but I pass to cite one or two ancient authorities. Xenophon tells us with approbation that the Persians, rather than make their children learned, taught them to be virtuous, and instead of filling their heads with fine speculations, taught them honesty, and sincerity, and resolution, and endeavored to make them wise and valiant, just and temperate. Lycurgus, in the Constitution of the Lacedemonian Commonwealth, took less care about the learning, than the *lives* and *manners* of the children. Aristotle surveyed man thoroughly. He was a great mind, perhaps the greatest the world has ever produced. It delights me to think of him. It makes me feel that I belong to a noble race, and that man can hold up his head, even when introduced into the presence of supernal beings. The name of Aristotle will be pronounced with reverence long as the noblest associations of genius, virtue, and morality can reach the human heart. Philip of Macedon, upon the birth of Alexander, wrote to Aristotle, saying that he thanked the gods not so much that they had given him a son as that they had given him at a time when Aristotle might be his instructor. Such was the veneration in which he was held by the greatest minds of his age. He ruled the empire of mind with undisputed sway for nearly fourteen centuries, and even now the chief acquisitions of the Spanish scholar consist of the logic and philosophy of Aristotle. This giant mind lifted the veil which hides eternity from mortal vision, and beheld, though dimly, its realities—he saw an immortal nature in man, and sought to frame his education so as to suit it.

Who does not feel that there is within him more than thought and sensation? Who does not permit his mind to go forth to the world to come, and inquire within him, how shall I travel up through the unwasting ages before me?

The world will soon be educated. It has been said that a similar progress may be traced in the general mind to what we observe in the individual. The world was once an infant, tossed upon the nurse's arms—it was hushed with a lullaby, "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," and next she sallied forth to gather flowers on the lawn, and gambol over the mead, and next she could be seen creeping like snail unwillingly to school; but now, is it fancy or is it fact, that the nations of the earth give signs that the human mind has passed the periods of infancy and juvenescence? that upon it are coming the marks of sobriety and maturity, the spirit of inquiry, of thought, of action? The croaker cries that the world is degenerating. Is it

pride, or ambition, or vanity, or ignorance, which induces me to say that he knows not whereof he affirms, that the world, take it altogether, has more of majesty in her form, of grace in her mein, of vigor in her footsteps, of fire in her eye, of passion in her heart, of energy in her mind, than she ever had before? True, her old garments may cling to her, but she has outgrown them; and if she wear them it is because of her poverty. Her old nurse may compel her to rattle her childish playthings, but when she does so, she feels ashamed—she is no longer charmed with the empty sound.

A spirit has gone forth among the nations which demands universal education. It comes upon the earth like the atmosphere we breathe, enveloping land and sea. It binds like the principle that wheels the planets in their orbits. Tyrants tremble, thrones bow, armies stand still before it. Man will be educated. On this point the extremities of the world meet—antipodes feel in unison—one hemisphere speaks, and the other answers. Man may rise against it—avarice may utter its maledictions—superstition may rail—selfishness may exclaim, interested nobility condemn; but it comes. The decree has gone forth that man shall be enlightened. It will not be revoked. It is the voice of nature—it is the voice of God. Vain is resistance—vain the arm of law—vain the sceptre of sovereignty—vain the barriers of caste. They will be swept like the dike before the tide when a nation is engulfed, or the rampart before the whirlwind that has uprooted the forest.

If man is to be educated, he is to be free. Freedom has always kept pace with the progress of education. Egypt was once free, at least so far as she was educated. She had, even then, many slaves, and so many untutored sons. Greece was once free; and why? Was it because her soil was fertile, and her vallies and her streams lovely, or because the fresh breezes of the Ægean or Ionian seas fanned her? No! Her scenes are as charming now as they were then. Greece was once free, but it was when the powers of her body and mind were cultivated—when imagination, memory, taste, and feeling—all that was bright or beautiful, foul or terrific, and magnificent or lovely in wondrous, heaven-born, exiled man, enjoyed an ample development and a vigorous life. Fix your eye upon that colossal power issuing from the east, threatening to tame the spirit of Greece, and reduce her to slavery, by inflicting upon her sons a summary and awful vengeance for an insult offered to the sceptre of Darius. It reaches to the heavens, and casts a shadow upon a hemisphere. It rocks the earth beneath its tread, and threatens to crush a nation at every footfall. How can a few free cities in Greece resist? Will they not tamely submit without a struggle? Nay. The husband collects his family around him, bids his little ones prove worthy of their father after he shall have died for his country, and directs his wife, after the battle, to marry a man who shall not dishonor her first husband, and marches to meet the foe. The mother calls her son from the field, and suppressing her emotions, sternly says,

1

“Take this shield and go forth to battle. Bring it back, or be brought back upon it.” Now turn your eye to the pass of Thermopylæ. See that little band of three hundred Spartans resisting, for three successive days, the Persian host of five millions; and when at last, attacked *rear* and *front*, they proceed to glorious death, see how they cut down the ranks of the enemy as reapers in harvest mow the golden grain!

Now direct your attention to Salamis—mark the immense fleet of Xerxes blocking up a few Grecian vessels in that beautiful bay, determined to crush them at a blow. One thousand Persian vessels float upon the waves, and cast a bright reflection upon the waters from their glittering prows. Mark those few Grecian ships sailing gracefully down the bay; see! they station themselves prow to prow against the barbarians—they commence the battle—they plunge into the sides of the veering foe; they seize, they board, they grapple with the enemy body to body. And now the fight is over—the armament of Xerxes is routed and scattered—the maritime power of Persia is broken, and Greece is free. Why this indomitable spirit—this deathless love of freedom? Greece was then educated. That was the period when the song of her bard was as the song of the nightingale—when the voice of her orator was as the voice of thunder, and the whole mind of the nation breathed an atmosphere of freshness and fragrance.

Rome was once free—once mistress of the world. From Gaul and Britain to Asia’s remotest plains, she pushed her conquering march, and chained the subjugated nations, but she herself was free. Why? Her mind was developed and active. Wisdom sat in her councils, eloquence lingered on her lips. Her legislation was for the race—her literature for all time. Her poetry fell upon the soul soft and sweet as kisses from the lips of love. Her oratory vibrated upon the breeze as the notes of the harp, swept by an angel’s hand.

Trace the history of modern Europe, and you will perceive that rational liberty has generally kept pace with the progress of general education.

Look at your own free country—the admiration of all lands, the glory of the earth.

Who were those, that fleeing from persecution in the old world, sought an asylum in the wilderness of the new? They were the reading, thinking Puritans, who, on their landing, laid the broad foundations of colleges, academies, and schools. Who first rose against British oppression on our own shores? Who first raised the standard of liberty? whose swords first leaped from their scabbards for its defense? whose hearts first poured forth their blood around the soil in which it was planted? Plains of Concord and Lexington, tell us! Heights of Bunker, speak! Who first kindled the spirit of the Revolution all over the land, and kept the flames of public indignation burning until the Revolution was consummated? The people who had been reared in temples of science, and who devised and put into execution the first system of general education the world ever saw.

The angel of Liberty presses close upon the heels of the angel of Light—and no sooner does the latter blow his trumpet, than the blast of the former breaks upon the breeze. The education of the world will as surely be accompanied by its freedom as day-light accompanies the sun. Let a man know and feel what are his rights and capacities, and he is no longer to be a slave. He will govern himself. A still small voice speaks to every bosom in the rational creation, bidding it be free—telling it to enjoy the rights which Heaven has conferred, and to acknowledge no distinctions but such as God has ordained.

I do not say that monarchical governments are unnecessary when the public mind is ignorant. I think the world's history shows, that efforts to place freedom in advance of intelligence have proved utter failures. When a nation is untutored, a visible and imposing embodiment of law, before which the multitude can tremble and bow, may be a useful auxiliary to government. A Church Establishment may be proper to raise up advocates of truth; a nobility may be requisite to secure an intelligent Legislature; a standing army may be necessary for the national defense: but once let a people be educated, and they are themselves competent to all these purposes. The child needs not the toy when the season of manhood arrives; the youth escaped from his minority, will dispense with the services of his guardian.

It is said that in proportion as a nation becomes enlightened, her distrust in her government will diminish—that she will perceive the beneficial tendencies of governmental regulations—that the monarch will become wise with his people, and will correct abuses and study public prosperity and peace—that crowns and sceptres and nobles may be made instruments of blessings to community. To all this there is one answer: The wise man will not commit to another hand rights which he can as well exercise himself; or trust to another a duty which he can as well perform without extraneous aid.

The spread of knowledge will but extend evil, if it be not accompanied with religion. Knowledge is power. It is so to the saint, and so to the sinner; it is to the devil what it is to the angel. In itself, it is neither good nor evil—a blessing nor a curse; but like the sword, it derives its character from the direction which its possessor gives it. A sword in the hands of a demon, infernal or incarnate, would be an unmitigated curse; in the hands of an angel of light, it would be an undeviating blessing. The one would employ it to destroy, the other to save.

Increase the power of any rational being before he is able wisely to employ it, and you increase his sin, and by consequence, his misery. He is active; he will employ whatever of capacity he possesses. The more his capacity to do, if he do evil, the more his transgression; the greater his sin, the greater his misery. A poor German declared he would not educate his family, because as soon as his eldest son learned to write, he counterfeited his father's name. He was resolved

that if his children were inclined to do evil, their ability should be limited—they should be rascals upon a small scale. Experiments upon an extensive field in some of the nations of Europe, have demonstrated that crime, instead of diminishing, actually increases with the extension of education, unless that education be accompanied with religious training. This is precisely what might be expected. The evils which deluge the world are not to be traced to the intellect—their fountains are in the bosom. "A greater than Solomon has said," from within, out of the heart, proceed "evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies." This is the philosophy of truth—the philosophy to which every hour of the world's experience adds confirmation—the philosophy of God.

The heart is the seat of the moving powers. It is to the man what the pilot is to the vessel—it gives him his direction; the intellectual powers are the mere machinery. How vain is the hope of the world's perfection by means of its education. Let knowledge diffuse its rays to the ends of the earth—will sensuality, and avarice, and ambition, and jealousy, and vanity, and pride, and unbelief, be destroyed, or even reduced? Nay, they will live, and act; and act, too, in a broader field, with a keener eye, with a deeper wisdom, with a more refined art, and work out with more terrific engineery their damning, desolating effects. Am I summoned to the ancient sages for proofs that education has a controlling influence over the passions? To ancient sages will I go. I am willing to search their caves, and groves, and public ways, and private walks, as with a lighted candle. I know that the closer the examination, the more multiplied the evidences that my opinion is well founded. They taught what they did not practice. Their wisdom served but to refine their depravity and conceal its workings. The fountains of iniquity were calmer, but more profound—the streams flowed in narrower, but deeper channels.

There is one apparent exception—the son of Sophroniscus. There is no difficulty, however, in accounting for his superiority in goodness, as well as wisdom, by considering that the true light enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. A ray from the eternal Throne fell upon his eyeball—he pursued it—and shall we deny that it led him to that Fountain where sin is washed away?

Am I referred to modern examples of distinguished greatness unaccompanied with religious feeling? I attend to the reference, prefacing, however, that we must be careful to distinguish between the effects of other influences and those of purely intellectual education. Lord Bacon will furnish us with an example of splendid endowments, united with varied learning. What was the influence of his peerless intellect upon his corrupt heart? Only to make its workings more refined, and more destructive. Lord Byron is an example of surpassing greatness in another department of intellectual exertion. And what effect did his education have upon his character and happiness? The poet has ex-

pressed it. He "was a weary, worn, and wretched thing; a scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul—a gloomy wilderness of dying thought." It is admitted that literature has a tendency to refine the taste, to open purer fountains of enjoyment than the senses, to exert a favorable influence upon the habits, to humanize and soften the character. But let not these tendencies be trusted too far; it may be doubted whether it is not the surrounding influence of Christianity, and not the intellectual habits of the educated, or the rank they hold in society, that lifts them above the brutal criminalities of the lower classes. It is the philosophy of the Bible, that each situation in life has its peculiar temptations. "Give me neither poverty nor riches, lest I grow poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain; or lest I grow rich, and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord." Theft and blasphemy are the crimes of poverty, and pride and infidelity those of riches. Who shall say that the heart of Byron or of Bacon, is less abhorrent in the eyes of God, or less destructive in its influences upon man, than that of the poor sensualist, whose brutal excesses are within the narrow circle of a few feet? The latter destroys himself; the former, with himself, is the eternal undoing of millions.

You may educate your soul without religion; but you will only refine your misery. You may polish your speech without grace; but you will only sweeten the food of the undying worm. You may render brilliant the flames that burn within your bosom; but it will be only to add brilliancy to the conflagrations of earth and hell. Am I challenged to a comparison of educated and uneducated states? I accept the challenge. Admitting, for argument's sake, that some cities of antiquity, where refinement was found, were free from grosser vices, it may be asked, was not their superiority in moral character owing to their religion? For though Paganism is false, it has a substratum of truth, and its influences in restraining the multitude are potent. But we challenge Athens, or Corinth, or Rome, in her attenuated refinement, to escape from the charge of criminality, as brutal as disgraced the darkest barbarism that ever found a place on earth.

Does more recent history present greater difficulties to our hypothesis? No; we rest the question on an appeal to the vices of the higher walks of life, and to the history of revolutionary France. Let the world tremble when she reflects, that education without religion will enact the scenes of such a revolution all over the earth, unless religion accompany it.

Look around you. The world is arming; nations inert for ages, are rousing their latent energies, bursting their bonds, enlisting under gallant leaders, and preparing for a struggle such as has never before been witnessed on the globe. She is calling the powers of nature to her aid. That army must either enter into the service of the Prince of Darkness, or enlist under the banner of the King of kings.

The Church must determine the world's course. She may, by purifying the fountains of instruction, give a righteous direction to enlightened intellect; or

by neglecting them, leave infidelity to poison them all, and lead out perverted powers to the shock of battle with the Lord of hosts.

Original.

TACITA.

MR. EDITOR,—I see in your number for September the name of "Tacita;" and however much of gravity as your correspondent she may assume, I would whisper in confidence, that she was not always considered the Mentoria of her sex. I knew her well in other days, and the very way in which she obtained her cognomen of Tacita will illustrate this. In the circle of gayety and fashion where she was prominent, a clique, affecting more wit than the rest, bestowed upon her the name "Tacita," because—she *out-talked* them all. Indeed, so much did she excel in the "gift of the gab," that none competed with her. Excepting one, she was without a rival—and she, a sister. Of these, each had her party as to this surpassing gift of woman—talk. Opinions ran high—for every thing in that witty clique was subject of opinion. The gentlemen were divided—the ladies thought *both* talked the most. The one party said C. could out-talk all women; the other party acknowledged there was but *one* could beat her. Finally it was left a mooted point, and conceded on the one part and the other, that "though C. could talk the most in a *given time*," yet H. could *hold out the longest*; and thus by eminence, as it were, C. obtained the name of "Tacita." She was formally waited upon by a deputation of the "Vobules," and her title so presented; and she accepted it with the conventional good nature in which it was tendered—especially as the verses accompanying embodied a little compliment. I think it was thus, comparing her talking *power* to a mill, which in its celerity must not be interrupted, it says,

"Whilst she talks, no mortal must dare t' assist;
We all know 'tis a mill that carries a grist,"—

so the name she adopted as her signature.

But the editor of the Repository will forgive the seeming lightness of my allusions. Indeed, to me it is a reminiscence of much sadness and no small instruction. Of these two bright spirits, one is departed and will speak no more; and over the other has come almost as great a change. Life then presented a phase of unvarying joy to the greedy eye of youth, which a few added years dimmed by doubt; of which a few more in the current of life obscured the brightness; and yet a few more obliterated by certainty. But this certainty—that is, human experience in the frivolous things of conventional life—this certainty, pondered upon by a good mind, does, thanks be to God, result in *convictions* of higher import; and such has been the change which many bereavements and much vicissitude has wrought in the once hilarious Tacita. The signature at present would seem neither real nor significant; but in your wide-spreading "Repository" it will serve as her *Shibboleth* to distant friends; as such, she permits me to explain it to you.

CONSTANTIA.

Original.

THE STORM OF GENNESARET.

BY LUCY SEYMOUR.

"It was now dark, and Jesus was not come to them. And the sea arose by reason of a great wind that blew. So when they had rowed about five and twenty or thirty furlongs, they see Jesus walking on the sea, and drawing nigh unto the ship: and they were afraid. But he saith unto them, It is I; be not afraid. Then they willingly received him into the ship: and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went," St. John.

NIGHT had her sombre mantle flung
Around Gennesaret's hill-girt lake;
Above, no starry signal hung,
The gathering gloom to cheer or break.

The spirits of the viewless air,
Just startled from their mountain sleep,*
Seeking a field for conflict there,
Were hov'ring o'er the ruffled deep.

Wrought into fury by their sway,
The billows roared with angry swell;
And yet, to guide the seaman's way,
No gleam athwart the waters fell.

They still pursued their doubtful path,
Amidst that elemental strife;
But winds and tide, with conquering wrath,
Seem'd but to mock their chance for life.

In that sad hour of anxious dread,
Through the dense gloom they saw a form
Walking the waves with tranquil tread,
As Lord of that tumultuous storm.

Their straining eyes beheld it urge
Tow'rds their toss'd bark its steadfast course,
Unmindful of the billowy surge,
Untroubled by the tempest's force.

No being framed of earthly mold,
Could thus that whirlwind's might sustain,
And walk, with footstep free and bold,
And firm as free, that stormy main.

The seamen's hearts were fill'd with fear—
Their minds one thought possess'd alone—
A herald from the spirit's sphere,
Has thus their coming doom made known.

But hark! what tones attention claim?
Soft as on Horeb's mount swept by,
When whirlwind's rent the rocks, and flame
Had pass'd before the prophet's eye.

Amidst the storm, distinctly heard,
These soothing tones their terrors still'd,
"Be not afraid; 'tis I!" that word
With rapturous joy their bosoms fill'd.

* Mr. Watson says the storms which ruffle the sea of Galilee rise suddenly in the adjacent mountains.

Their Lord they hail'd with eager haste—
Their heaving deck his footstep press'd,
And instant o'er the watery waste
There fell a calm like infant's rest.

The seamen wondering gaz'd—the moon
Shone forth the quiet waters o'er—
The port appear'd in sight, and soon
The ship in safety reach'd the shore.

My Savior, when the mists of death
Are gathering o'er my glassy eye—
When the sad strife of struggling breath
To me shall wrap in clouds the sky—

When Jordan's foaming waves I dare,
And life with its last foe contends,
Ruler of storms, be with me there,
Support me till the conflict ends!

When *sin* prefers its final claim,
And dying pangs this breast invade,
Then call me, Jesus, by my name,
Whisper, "'Tis I; be not afraid!"

Familiar grown with that lov'd voice,
From sweet communion all through life,
May my glad spirit then rejoice,
And dauntless meet the awful strife!

O, help me now thy will to learn,
My daily walk direct—illumine—
A tranquil eye I then shall turn
On the dark grave, nor feel its gloom!

Original.

H E A V E N .

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A FRIEND OF A DIFFERENT CHURCH.

WHEN, in the lapse of distant years,
Thine eye shall o'er these pages stray,
How many a name that love endears,
Shall then call forth unbidden tears,
That they have *passed away*.

But if to heaven their spirits pass'd,
Then wipe those falling tears away;
And that *we there* may meet at last,
And *here* our faith hold ever fast,
O let us "watch and pray!"

At *different* altars here we bend,
At *different* shrines we offer prayer;
But He, I trust, *his* ear will lend,
To whom the vows of each ascend,
If we but seek him *there*.

O, may we in *that* temple meet
Where no "partition walls" appear—
Together worship at *his* feet
Who died to make that tie "complete,"
Which *half* unites us here! AUGUSTA.

Original.

THE SABBATH OF THE WORLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea," Isaiah xi, 9.

THIS prophecy is very significant. It is worthy to be inscribed on all the high places of Zion, that her eye may see it, and her spirit receive strength. It presents to the mind images of the world as it has been, as it shall be, and in its progress from the past to the future. I shall invite you, therefore, to survey the world—

I. In its moral ruin.

II. In its moral renovation.

III. In its transit from the former to the latter.

I. For six thousand years this world has suffered the curse of Heaven; and bears, even now, the deep impress of crime and reprobation. It is replete with sin and shame and misery. It is a theatre for the display of the basest passions and rankest crimes which pollute and deform the universe of God.

It is vexed by the fury of diabolical passions. It is the seat of pride. Unfitting as this passion is for man, he not merely indulges, but cherishes it. He accounts it not his shame, but his honor. He wears it as a robe, and displays it in all the walks of life, as though it possessed some divine attraction. That abomination which Heaven could not tolerate—which roused to flame Almighty vengeance—which doomed angels to chains of darkness, is esteemed the beauty and the glory of this world. Earth grasps with eagerness what heaven repels with loathing.

In close alliance with this passion, is envy, its eldest born. Envy is a sort of famine in the soul; nothing but universal misery could relieve it. It matters not what it has devoured, it is in agony because its capacity is filled ere it has consumed all the bliss of conscious being. From envy springs slow-moving malice, with the genius both of the serpent and the tiger, and with more methods and instruments of mischief than man can reckon up.

Pride, envy, and malice, are among the prominent evils of the heart. Their malignity must be ascertained by their effects. No analysis can expose it. It could not have been conjectured by any finite mind, that pride and envy are so potent as to produce revolution first around the throne of God, where all was pure and stable, and then in this fair world, which came a paradise from the hand of the Creator, and was designed a residence for new-born, holy spirits, to repair the breach in heaven. And yet, by the energy of these malicious passions, the beauties of Eden became a frightful desolation, heaven itself was blemished, and its choicest moral riches were transformed into the elements of a new, infernal world.

But let us confine our vision to this world, and examine more minutely its enormous crimes and miseries. Could I skillfully portray the tragic scenes of all its

sanguinary ages, your hearts would recoil. Let your imaginations summon from the grave the dead of sixty centuries. From the hundred thousand millions select first, the disciples of true wisdom. They form so small a portion of the whole, that their subtraction will not sensibly affect the vital mass. Next proceed to separate that mass. Give to these millions a discreet classification, into the moral, who concealed and restrained their vicious appetites; and the profligate, who indulged and exposed them. The former never suffered their base passions to transform them into demons; but glossing into decency the grossness of their vices, acquired the esteem and reverence of mortals. What relation do these bear to true moral excellence on the one hand, and to extreme moral turpitude on the other?

As to moral excellence, charity itself would confess their alienage from all its attributes and charms. Their seeming virtue was an accident, not the intention of any purity of heart. It resulted from the peculiar combination of their vices, which, like blended shades, produced a hue of character unlike any of its elements. What, then, is the real value of that character? It depends on its constituents, and these were impure and destructive. It is a character which the world has treated with some equity in baptizing it morality, thereby denoting an outward form as distinct from inward sentiment, as is the garnish of the sepulchre from the foul abominations contained within its bosom. To moral excellence, then, these persons are related as is the putrefaction to the polish of that sepulchre. On the other hand, to extreme moral turpitude, their relation is like that of the egg to the serpent, which crushed, breaketh out into a viper. Development alone was necessary to constitute them destroyers—murderers. Latent energies of a most pernicious tendency slumbered deep within, and were harmless, like the tiger in its cage, because they were controlled by other vices, or by the restraints of Providence or circumstance.

From the devotees of virtue and the decently depraved, let us glance at the flagitious. Spurning all restraint, and surrendered up to appetite, they become the interpreters of the human heart—the expounders of corrupt human nature. These are not a small minority of mankind. We are not to judge of ages past by what we now behold, nor of what we now behold without careful observation. Hasty judgment would decree to more than half the world the meed and praise of virtue; whereas the true history of the world would be a history of crime, and the recital of its virtues would scarcely form an episode. Is it extravagant to affirm, that half the adult world, throughout its generations, is involved in the guilt of heinous crimes? God himself shall be the judge: "Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant-breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful."

Here is a picture of the nations, sketched not by man,

but by Him who cannot err. It presents them in an attitude of murderous rage and murderous deeds. Let your fancy behold them re-enact the tragic scenes of their guilty, living hours. Come up, ye blood-stained tenants of the grave! As sands of the sea for multitude, disspread yourselves over a thousand hills and a thousand vales. From terrene heights and ocean depths, and whithersoever the winds and waves have borne your scattered dust, come ye murdered—mingle now as once ye mingled, to curse and kill, to shriek and die! What sights! what sounds! what a fearful blending of fury and dismay, of curses and entreaties, of reeking hands and gory hearts! The rage of six thousand years swells like angry oceans in yonder mass of life. The collected blasphemies of six thousand years are now floating on the breeze, and ascending up to heaven. Millions of faces writhe distorted; millions of eyes glare fury. Every lip is compressed by the power of stern and bloody resolution. For an instant all is wild confusion, and death gleams o'er all the scene. His victims quail. The winds of heaven are burdened with their groans, and earth sickens as she drinks up their blood!

Here is a faint picture of the crimes and miseries of past generations. It reveals half a world murdered in your presence, while the agents and accomplices in this infernal work survive in agonies of conscience, to curse both their being and their Maker.

But you may wonder that we dwell on past generations, and not rather on the present state of things. My friends, cease to wonder. In its essential features, the world remains unchanged. Just around us its bitter waters have been sweetened. But while a few small fountains have been cleansed, the seas and oceans are full of putrefaction. Of eight hundred millions of souls now on earth, one hundred millions have been slightly tamed by the Gospel. Of these, perhaps one-fourth have submitted to the restraints of Gospel principle from conviction and servile fear. A twentieth part may have been radically changed, and blest with the purity and consolations of Christian life. But where are the seven hundred millions that remain? They inhabit regions gloomy and repulsive as death and hell. Bloodshed is the fashion of their lives. It is not a fashion of mere revenge, or even of pastime: but O, blasphemy! it is used for religious sacrifice and worship. With them, bloodshed is not rare. Nature in their bosoms does not abhor it. There are nations in which scarcely an adult could be found whose hands are unstained, perhaps with blood of child or parent! We rejoice that in Christian lands there is commenced a renovation. It points us to that period which is usually termed *millennial*, which is the theme of the *second head* of this discourse.

II. It is believed and declared by many persons that these prophecies were uttered under the influence of ardors which were unfavorable to exact description, and that fancy, rather than sober vision, moved and guided the prophetic pencil. We object to this hypothesis. It depreciates too much the prophetic character;

it reduces to scorn the Scripture revelation; and last of all, it reproaches God himself. To mention these objections is sufficient. They will bear in every impartial mind the force of irrefutable argument. The chapter which contains the text refers to the millenium. In the first five verses the Messiah is described in the same glowing style as obtains throughout the chapter. And are we to assume that this description of the Savior is also a fancy-piece? that the prophet in his ardor exaggerated the beauties and glories of Immanuel? The thought is profane. In speaking of this "rod from the stem of Jesse," crowned with the wisdom, and girded with the strength of Godhead, we agree that the prophet uttered sober truth. And why should we suppose, that he who spoke with such sobriety concerning Zion's King, became a prophet of mere fancies in speaking of Zion's kingdom? We believe that the philologist as well as the prophet was inspired, and that the phraseology employed in this description is intended to shadow forth a perfect moral state.

In this the prophet confirms us. He teaches us that the world will suffer so great a change as to be worthy of a name of honor utterly unsuited to its present character. In expectation of that change, God calls it "his holy mountain." The appellation is high and glorious. It could scarcely be applied to that which bears the slightest impress of sin and suffering. It would form a proper designation of heaven itself, with its glorious hierarchies and its everlasting thrones. When applied to less than heaven, it must at least point to objects in which all pure and lofty attributes possible to creatures are made to concentrate, and from which all others are excluded. And such shall be this world.

It is called *mountain*, which indicates that God will place it high in his affections, will exalt it among the worlds, and will station around it the guards of his omnipotence. It is called *holy*, and that in a sense not negative, but positive—not merely to indicate its freedom from defilement, but as a dwelling-place of holiness—as the home of spotless beings who will adore their Maker with seraphic ardors, and will extol him with everlasting anthems. It is called *God's* holy mountain, not merely to designate his property therein, but in token of his purpose to dwell and reign there, and make it glorious as the place of his rest.

The language indicates that the whole earth will be sanctified, and will become the mountain of God. The islands, and continents; the rivers, seas, and oceans, shall aspire to this divine honor, and shall not aspire in vain. God will impress a comely uniformity upon every thing terrestrial—a uniformity not of outward aspect, but of moral, spiritual grace. The inequalities which now obtain between nations, civilized and barbarous, Christian and heathen, will disappear. The "Sun of righteousness" will rise on all the nations. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain shall be brought low; the crooked places shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. The state of the world will then be one of perfect innocence. There shall be *nothing to hurt or destroy*.

What a picture is this of the happiness of a renovated world: a picture without one gloomy shade, fair as light and comely as heaven. Now, almost every thing is charged with some malignant influence. Whatever may attract us, we approach dreading some latent evil. When we pluck the rose, we watch for the thorn; when we recline in bowers, we dread the serpent; when we gather sweet fruit, we select the salutary from the poisonous; when we breathe the most fragrant atmosphere, we are apprehensive of the wandering pestilence. Human associations, which seem to promise security and rapture, are found to be both perilous and painful. Even friendship deceives us. It invites our confidence, betrays our weaknesses, and triumphs in our agonies. The strongest, purest love, such as glows in the maternal bosom, has been known to turn back its streams, or to be dried up in its fountains. In fine, every thing, animate and inanimate, rational and irrational, is less our friend than our foe—is more to be dreaded than to be desired—is more to be avoided for its probable malignity, than to be sought for its possible advantages. So true is this, that experience teaches us to assume a repulsive attitude towards every thing around us, and either bid defiance to the world, or yield ourselves its despairing victims.

Such a world as this God has adopted as his own, and has purposed that by regeneration it shall become the seat of unoffending innocence, and of universal love. After a few more generations, ours will become a sanctified race. All will be holy. Not a thought, a sentiment, or an agent of evil, will be found in all these regions of terror, pain, and death. Where all will be holy, there can be no need of suffering, for the purposes either of discipline or punishment. Every bosom will then overflow, not as now, with malignant passions, but with charities pure as the love, and refreshing as the mercy of Godhead. Frequent and joyous, then, will be the communion between earth and heaven. No more will angel messengers bear from paradise commissions of vengeance. They will descend as ministers of mercy, to adore Immanuel in this his holy habitation, and to salute with pure embraces the redeemed of his love. No more shall pestilence and death go before Jehovah; but he shall lay his hand upon the nations to bless them, and from his rainbow smile shall distill diffusive rapture, to crown the bliss of this new-created world.

While earth and heaven will be so intimately blended, powers infernal shall dread the holy concord, and quake at their affiance. Earth and hell shall be divorced. Their league against Jehovah shall be broken, and all their ancient covenants shall be dissolved. The devil and his angels shall be exiled to the pit, and not come forth to vex the nations. The omnipotent dynasty of Zion's King will guard the approaches to that holy mount, which will then be the seat of an empire secure and impregnable as the barriers of heaven.

And now, can you scarcely anticipate the approach of these scenes? Do you deem it almost too much to be believed, that out of materials so unsightly as the

world now contains, there should arise a beauty so perfect? that from such vile discord there should arise such harmony? that from a universe of groans and tears, there should arise a universe teeming with bliss and flooded with rapture? We know it is a matter in which doubt is facile and faith is difficult; yet we have at hand a cure for scepticism. God has pledged this blessedness to the world, and his covenant is begun to be fulfilled. The testimony of his lips and the evidence of our senses are a sufficient confirmation. Whoever suspects his naked word, his covenant, his oath, may behold the world in its gradual transition from a lower to a loftier moral station. He may witness the working of meliorating influences, or rather, of regenerating energies, which, from their effects, are known to be of sufficient force and virtue to complete the new creation.

But we shall amplify this thought as we proceed—

III. *To consider the world in its transit from a ruined to a renovated state.* On this topic we shall confine ourselves to the *power*, the *mode*, and the *instruments* of its renovation.

1. The power is divine. The same Almighty energy which reared the stately fabric, is engaged to re-edify the whole. This truth must never be forgotten. On it we must build our high expectations of the coming grace and glory. Faith would be folly did it look to any arm but that of Omnipotence to effect so great a change. Our labor to advance it would be almost profane, were it not bestowed in reliance on God. The enterprise is his own. All its parts bear the impress of his hand. Every new-born soul is begotten by his word, and can trace its heavenly life to the quickening influence of his Spirit. At that moment when the world shall be wholly sanctified, it will form a richer illustration of his wisdom, power, and love, than when the "morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

2. Although divine power will effect this new creation, it will not be by miracle. It will be a gradual, not an instantaneous work. It will be, not like the springing up of worlds from chaos, but like the stealing dawn or the cautious tread of spring, its march will be clandestine, and its gentle, noiseless conquests will be almost unobserved among the nations. And thus the text presents it. The knowledge of God, or of his truth, diffused throughout the earth, is to transform it into holiness and beauty. The Bible is the source of Christian knowledge. This blessed volume, attended by the Holy Ghost, is charged with energy divine. The power of God is in it. You may perceive, then, that the world is now suffering transformation and improvement.

Within half a century the Bible has been translated into a multitude of languages. It is now rendered accessible to a hundred tribes and nations, which were lately excluded from all its hopes and joys. And more than this, the *preaching* of the Gospel is ordained to give it impression and effect. And its ministers are multiplied. Many are running to and fro, and knowledge is increased. The world, which had for centuries

looked with nausea upon the proffered word of life, now displays a craving appetite for its teachings and its blessings. Once the heathen waited for the Gospel to search them out; but now, like the hungry multitudes which followed after Jesus, they come to seek the Gospel. Their sighs, borne on the breezes of the wilderness, die away upon our ears, and fall like death-sounds on our hearts. They traverse arid plains and ocean wastes, and like the Athenian messenger from Marathon, sink, faint and dying, at our thresholds. But in their agony they raise their withered hands, point us to their country, and whisper the "*name of the Christian's God!*"

What mean these tokens? They admonish us that God, by his Spirit, has created a universal thirst among the nations, and that they are turning everywhere to find the springs of life. The whole earth is convulsed by the movement. An earthquake shakes the globe—not to bury in its ruins the dwellers on its surface, but to rouse their sleeping consciences, to display God's awful power, to reveal the reeking wonders of the cross, and to impel its streams of healing mercy to a universe of broken, bleeding hearts. Then earth shall be like heaven.

But in the regeneration of the world there are not only power and method, but instruments. Such is God's plan of working, that the *instruments* are as indispensable as the *power*. Without them God will not *exercise* his power. His chief instruments are the ministers of Jesus, and the members of his militant Church. To his ministers he says, "Go ye into all the world, and preach my Gospel to every creature." The Church he warns to pray for his ministers, to reciprocate temporal good for spiritual, and more generally, to "distribute to the necessities of the saints."

The preachers of God's word are his instruments in executing the most beneficent enterprise ever conceived by infinite wisdom. This is enough to overwhelm them. To think that they, frail earthen vessels, are made the depositories of the treasures of Gospel truth, and are commanded at their peril to distribute those treasures, not to a few, nor to many, but to *all*, is enough to raise the dead. It may well allay their worldliness, chasten all their pleasures, annihilate ambition, root out pride, and blot from their hearts the love, and even *memory* of every thing but duty.

Their condition is embarrassing. Moved by the high behest of Heaven, they take on them the ministry; yet they feel that to accomplish its full purpose, the Church must minister to them also. In the name of a disciple she must bestow a crumb of bread and a cup of cold water. She must freight them on ship-board, and send them forth as wanderers, to pray, and preach, and die, in barbarous climes. She must furnish them with copies of the Scriptures, that they may sow the seeds of truth in Pagan soils, and leave it to a happier generation of Christ's servants to reap what they have sown.

We say their position is embarrassing. And do you ask why? Because it involves both responsibility and dependence. God commands them to visit all the

world. He enjoins it on the Church to empower them to do it. They depend on the Church. But if she prove craven, her dereliction is no excuse for them. If the Church will feed them, they can go and live and labor; if she will not feed them, they must go and suffer and die.

And now, I am at that point of this discourse which appeals to the reader's sense of duty, to her humanity, to her ardent Christian charity and sympathy. To preserve unity in this appeal, I will reject all other topics, and press on your attention the sufferings of the missionary. You know that many of the ministers of Jesus are turning their faces from the delights of home and country, to the arid wastes of Paganism. Some are already enshrouded in its gloom—some are buried in its bloody soil. Some are on the ocean seeking for, and hasting to the deserts which are to drink their flowing tears, and expose their bleaching bones. Some seek the equator, some the pole; some bear the standard of the cross into the heart of bleeding Africa; some unfurl it on the shores of Ceylon, others at the bases of the Andes, and others still on the plains of Oregon.

"From shores where freedom dwells, and Gospel light—
Where holy Truth unveils her radiance bright,
Glides the proud vessel to the distant strand:
With eager footstep, on that stranger land,
Alights the messenger of peace. His eye
The index of his heart's philanthropy.

"How changed the scene! The savage, nursed in blood,
Impure, and treacherous as the changeful flood,
Circles his exile home; enslaved to sense,
Degraded outcasts from intelligence."

While he suffers in cold exile, you dwell at home. You greet your friends by day, and your own hearth becomes a paradise by night. You have found the blessed Savior. His presence cheers your dwelling, sanctifies your joys, calls forth aspiring hope, will guide you to the tomb, and will transport you to heaven. Consider all these circumstances of comfort, hope, and joy, then turn to the wandering minister of Jesus. Array your ease against his toil, your joys against his sorrows, your sweet associations in the midst of Christian life against his frightful solitude, or his more frightful fellowships. Set your means of comfort, your competency, your wealth, against his destitution, his poverty, his vagrancy. Place the pictures before you in their shades of striking contrast, and then, for the sake of Jesus Christ, spare him from your abundance one little morsel. I ask not your dwellings, or furniture, or treasures—I ask no more than you give in one short year to furnish gew-gaws and sweet-meats for your children. They for whom I ask it are holy men of God. Their names are written in heaven, and they will shine as the stars for ever and ever; yet they will gladly eat the crumbs that fall around your tables. Surely you will not spurn them; you will grant them this poor privilege. But as you cannot send them fragments of bread and flesh, bestow a little silver in their place. A dollar from your hand may relieve the hunger of an apostle of the Lord, and purchase for him the privilege of pointing the savage eye of some proud, expiring Pagan, to the bleeding Lamb of God!

Original.

RELIGIOUS STUDIES.

THE advantage of religious contemplation over any, even the most elevated of merely human studies, does approve its own superiority, even to the physical constitution of man: for whereas the highest sciences require in their meditation a close *concentration*, which does, if long pursued, fatigue and exhaust the mind; also does their pursuit demand that *abstraction from our kind*, that *denying of sympathies*, which is extremely distasteful to us, and which, with many, is the hindering cause of such pursuits. Behold now the action of Biblical study, more aptly called divinity. The text, the duty, the conditions, are all made so plain that all who run may read, and "the wayfaring man and the stranger, though he be a fool, shall not err therein." In the process, as the "beauty of holiness" is unfolded, it elevates the mind to its own scope, (for this is promised, and only the *willful* miss it.) As in its action the faith inculcated sustains and clears the mind from the anxieties of life *here*, and by its own process ameliorates the sting of suffering—so in the study it *wearies* not. And further pursued, the contemplation of God does impart that salutary expansion of soul which sustains and refreshes like springs of living water. Our Father hath made that which is excellent, also *sweet* to our souls.

C. M. B.

Original.

THE DEATH OF SALADIN.

BY JOHN TODD BRAME.

'Twas sunset o'er Damascus—dying rays
Of golden radiance, from the sinking sun,
Half merged beneath his glowing, nightly couch,
Illum'd the gorgeous city. Mosques and towers
Caught the last fading splendor, when it pass'd,
And seem'd as sheeted in a robe of gold.

Go, where yon battlemented palace rears
Its head, uprais'd above surrounding things;
Enter its gates, and pass within its walls,
Until a chamber, decked with eastern pomp,
With regal ornaments, salutes thine eye.
Death holds his revel there! with triumph tone
Peals forth his song of victory, over one
Who ne'er ask'd mercy, never bent the knee,
Nor cowering, yielded to the servile yoke.
Jerusalem's conqueror, *Cœur de Lion's* foe,
In this dread hour, alas! can find no strength
To battle with his last, worst enemy.
The potent medicines have failed. The art
Of gray-hair'd sages is essay'd in vain;
And he must die—in vain his boasted power!
In vain his annal'd glories! he must die.
Th' impartial monarch of death's wide domain,
"Who knocks alike at proudest palaces
And cottage gates," prepares his venom'd dart;

1

Hovers in triumph o'er the dying king,
And waves his banner with malignant joy.
From 'neath the covering glared that warlike eye,
Which oft on Palestine's embattled plains,
Had darted courage to the sinking troops,
And sternly glancing, bade them do or die;
Its beam is still meridian: still undimm'd;
It fades, but fades in glory—as the sun
At dewy eve, sinks to a shining grave,
Its latest rays more glorious than the first!

Death's agony is on him; clammy dew
Distill and gather on his sun-burnt brow,
While a convulsive shudder shakes his frame—
Nature's last struggle with her final foe!
'Twas then that with concentrated energy,
Rising superior to the stroke of fate
He called a herald to his couch, and spake—
"Go take my winding-sheet, within whose folds,
I and the worm must shortly lie together,
And bear it through the streets, where oft I have
In triumph march'd; and there proclaim that it,
Of what I *was*, is all now left to me!"*
He ceas'd; the feeble embers had expired—
The flickering life-lamp had blazed up its last!
'Twas all he said: enough to prove that he
Had found earth's promise false—her glory chaff!

*In his last moments, he commanded a herald to carry his winding-sheet through the streets of Damascus, and to proclaim that it was all he could then call his own.—*Russell's Modern Europe.*

Original.

TO MY BROTHER.

"Yet more,
The ocean and the depths have more;
High hearts and brave are gather'd to her rest."
Treasures of the Deep.

Nor a prayer was sent above thy grave,
Nor a farewell utter'd to thee;
The wile birds' scream was thy fun'ral wail,
And the murmur and roar of the sea.

No hallowed earth contains thy dust,
No green turf wraps thy grave;
The ocean cave is thy place of rest,
Thy sod the dark sea wave.

But we've buried thee deep in our hearts of love,
We've hallow'd thy memory, where
Not the winds of heaven, nor the dews of earth,
Shall invade thy sleeping there. A. H.

"HEART-FELT sighs and heaven-born wishes,
Or the poor uplifted eye,
All are prayers that God will answer;
They ascend his throne on high."

Original.
DEATH.

—
BY LUCY SEYMOUR.
—

"Death and the reader will have a meeting ere long."

I PERUSED the above sentence, this morning, in the biography of a Christian female, and it arrested my attention. I was induced to fix my thoughts for a few moments on the foe I am so soon to encounter, and consider the character of our meeting.

Although the proof of our mortality is conveyed to the mind at so early a period that memory keeps no chronicle of the hour when we first learnt the momentous truth, yet we assign it a subordinate place in the repository of knowledge, and entertain it reluctantly, and with as little expense of reflection and feeling as possible. Each individual looks around on this populous world with the clear conviction that there is a limited time to man upon earth; that in some moment of the future every human being must grapple with the adversary. Yet each, with an irrational infatuation, imagines that his neighbor will be summoned to the struggle first, and that the date of his own mortality is indefinitely placed far down on the death-roll of the living generation. But however confidently we may wrap ourselves in the mantle a deluded fancy weaves, the commissioned shaft will do its office as faithfully as if the heart to which it speeds, bared itself to the stroke. Arrogance does not give security, nor fearlessness imply the absence of danger. From the instant we first inhale the breath of earth's polluted atmosphere, we become the subjects of death's dominion, and his viewless sceptre is unwaveringly extended over every step we take in after time. Health may tint the glowing cheek, and gladness animate the sparkling eye—smiles may wreath the parted lip, and hope irradiate the joyous bosom; but those gay signals afford no guaranty for length of days. The most unfailing health is but a perishable immunity; and the head which has never ached, the eye which has never been languid from pain, or disordered by fever, win for their possessor no surer evidence of protracted life than can be claimed by the form which, through weary years, has known sad companionship with suffering and disease.

Not that we would be supposed to intimate that freedom from bodily affliction is but of little value. On the contrary, of all the blessings which a munificent Creator has scattered along the pathway of humanity, to mitigate the thronging ills that "flesh is heir to," there is perhaps none which should demand a richer return of gratitude than uninterrupted health. It is the nerve and sinew of usefulness, and gives zest to every enjoyment, if it be not enjoyment itself. Yet, like most of our possessions, it is generally appreciated only by its loss. Unhappily, few are willing to profit by the experience of others, and thousands trifle away, with careless and culpable indifference, what, when gone, worlds want wealth to buy.

But though a vigorous constitution is to be highly estimated, it gives no pledge that the day of darkness is not at hand. Besides the numerous accidents to which human life is perpetually exposed, the unrelenting destroyer has countless ministers. Poisons from his gloomy laboratory do their work so silently and insidiously, that the most flattering appearances are often but the precursor of immediate dissolution. Truly may it be said of man, "he walketh upon a snare," and in a moment he thinks not of, the gates of death may be opened unto him. "God hath appointed his bounds that he cannot pass;" and there is a point in his career when, solitary and unaided by earthly hand, he must meet the stern executioner of the penalty attached to the first transgression, and tread that defile of mystery and of terror, yet unexplored by science and philosophy.

O, death! inexplicable death! what art thou? Well might Job, guided only by the dim glimmerings of an imperfect dispensation, call thee the "king of terrors;" for *they* are truly the ministers of thy gloomy realm—well might he designate thine empire as a "land of darkness, as darkness itself, without any order, and where the light is as darkness." And with all the effulgence which the Gospel sheds upon the destiny of man, and the invaluable revelation of a never ending futurity beyond the tomb, there is yet enough of obscurity in our passage to the spirit world, to make us shrink back from the gloomy portal. But it must be trodden—the decree has gone forth, and may not be revoked. Sin has brought mankind under tribute, and his inexorable viceroy exacts rigidly from each individual the sum of life. No artifice can elude him, no subterfuge deceive, no costly offering bribe him. Tracking the footsteps of man through every stage of his pilgrimage, pursuing him as his shadow, he may yet for awhile tantalize his hopes by delaying his demand, but at last it is peremptorily preferred; and though the frail and reluctant victim struggle hard for the mastery, his giant foe leaves him not, but prepares him for corruption and the worm.

Since, then, the same fate awaits every individual of every grade of society, how unwise, how singularly blinded to their most important interests are those persons who perversely turn away from the consideration of their mortality, and make no preparation for that awful and unavoidable emergency! The very attempt to banish from our meditations that unseen enemy whose invisibility but renders him the more formidable, will give to his felt presence a wilder and more fearful character. I cannot imagine a more horrible trial of the spirit's strength, on this side of perdition's gulf, than the sudden consciousness that its final hour of probationary existence has arrived, and it has made no provision for the reckoning that must follow. When that sensation, which *we* know not, and the "dead cannot, or they will not tell," assures the conscious soul that death is severing its hold on the anchor of human life, and is about to launch it into a deep illimitable to the eye on which sufficient light hath now fallen to

make the darkness visible, which no one can portray, what a sight for loving friends to witness, who read in the despairing gaze, though the sealed lips be incapable of utterance, a history of sorrow, whose dark lines shall haunt their waking and their sleeping vision through successive years!

But must the closing period of our pilgrimage below be necessarily so sad? Must the character of man's encounter with his nature's adversary be thus terrible? O, no! Though none can pass from the trials of earth to the glories of heaven but by a conflict with the foe who treads on the heels of each fleeting moment, there is a gift of power for every earnest seeker, which will enable him to meet the struggle calmly, and triumph while he seems to yield. The bitterness of the cup was extracted when Jesus drank the worm-wood and the gall; and the blood and water that issued from his pierced side mingled a healing sedative for every believer's lacerated bosom. The monarch of the grave received a fatal stab when the rending rocks and the heaving clod proclaimed the entrance into its dreary receptacle of Him who said, "I am the resurrection and the life." The loosening of his iron grasp was then attested by the ghostly visitants who escaped from his peopled prison-house, to walk the living world again, as vouchers and harbingers of a general resurrection. Yes, ever since the memorable hour when the conquered sepulcher yielded up the Son of God to the shining retinue who watched beside the tomb, the stern ruler of the grave hath trodden with a less vigorous step and swayed with a less proud arm his boasted realm. And although there is enough of desolation along his march to make the Christian feel that, though despoiled of his power to harm, he is still a foe, there is also enough of light thrown over his gloomy visage to show that the monster is but the shadow of his former self.

Then fear not ye who wear the helmet of salvation and the shield of faith, but go forth dauntlessly to battle. Whether his summons startle you from your midnight slumbers, or salute you at your noon-tide occupation, or steal gradually upon your senses on the couch of pain, you have no cause of apprehension. Anxious affection and scientific skill may tax their efforts to save you, and prove unavailing. Weeping friends may watch your approach to the verge of eternity, and gather from your unconscious and vacant stare and laboring breath, that your communion with the living is over, and you are nearing the precincts of the land of shadows. Their shrieks of anguish may, perchance, fall indistinctly on your hearing, as you enter the stormy waters of Jordan, and your vain attempt to speak the accents of earth may confirm your assurance that your connection with its scenes is severed. But though thus cut adrift from familiar ties, and encircled by the mysteries of an unfathomed deep, where speculation has often been drowned, ye need fear no evil. Seraphic melodies from your destined paradise shall so entrance your souls that the roar of the splashing waves which envelop you will be unheard; the

light of the Sun of righteousness shall so dazzle your enraptured sight that the mists and the darkness of the strait you are fording will be unseen; the deadly dart which has sheathed itself in the heart, and stilled its pulsations, shall be unfelt; for the sting which gave it venom has been drawn, and the presence of your Savior shall engross every faculty and emotion. *To die*, to you, will be *gain*; for death will prove the executioner of your Master's will, and put you in possession of the rich inheritance he purchased for you.

Then, children of the kingdom, away with your apprehensions! Ye should look upon the shroud, the coffin, and the tomb without regret; for they are to you the signals of release from captivity, and triumph over every adversary. The moldering forms you commit to their keeping shall be faithfully guarded until your exulting spirits come from the skies to "put them on afresh." But that we may be fully prepared to meet death without terror, it is necessary to ponder frequently the certainty and circumstances of his approach, and all those melancholy accompaniments which will sooner or later force themselves upon our notice. Methinks it would not be an unprofitable imagining to surround ourselves occasionally with the probable realities of our last hour, and propose to our consciences the momentous interrogation, have we the faith which would sustain us amidst such an array? If the reply be dubious, we should immediately resort to earnest and importunate prayer, nor rest contented until the Holy Spirit shine clearly upon our hearts, and set his seal of bright assurance to the fact that we are pardoned and accepted through the redeeming blood of the Son of God, and may at any moment pass to the judgment with an unreserved and child-like trust in his atonement and intercession. But without this confidence no immortal and accountable being can reasonably claim exemption from the fear of death.

HAPPINESS.

KEEN was the search, and various, and wide,
For happiness. Take one example more—
So strange, that common fools look'd on amazed;
And wise and sober men together drew,
And trembling stood: and angels in the heavens
Grew pale, and talked of vengeance as at hand—
The sceptic's route—the unbeliever's, who,
Despising reason, revelation, God,
And kicking 'gainst the pricks of conscience, rushed
Deliriously upon the bossy shield
Of the Omnipotent; and in his heart
Purpos'd to deify the idol chance.
And labored hard—O, labor worse than naught!
And toiled with dark and crooked reasoning,
To make the fair and lovely earth which dwelt
In sight of heaven, a cold and fatherless,
Forsaken thing, that wandered on, forlorn,
Undestined, uncompassioned, unupheld;
A vapor eddying in the whirl of chance,
And soon to vanish everlastingly.

Original.

DEITY AND NATURE.*

BY W. F. LOWRIE.

THE various rocks which compose the crust of the earth as far as eight miles, the greatest thickness to which man, by means of the highest mountains, and deepest mines, has been able to penetrate, are divided into six classes, viz., the primary, transitory, secondary, tertiary, diluvial, and alluvial, which form a geological column in the order named, the primitive or primary being the lowest, and the alluvial the highest in the series. It is true that in sections made in some localities, portions of, or even a whole class may be absent; but though there be an omission, there is no further disarrangement in the order, the next member stepping into the place, when the series continues. The primitive rocks are so named, from their being supposed to have been the first formed,—which supposition is made, because they are the lowest, and on them the others rest in regular super-position; next because they form the central axes of all the large chains of mountains in the world, as the Dofrafeld in Norway, Himayla in Asia, Alleghanies, Rocky, and White in our own country. An additional reason is drawn from the fact that no fossiliferous body, or, in other words, no substance which has been either subject to animal or vegetable life, and has subsequently been impregnated with or changed into stone, has ever been found in them. Hence, it is supposed that they were formed prior to organized bodies, and placed as a foundation on which the rest of the earth's surface might repose. Though found at the lowest depths to which man has ever yet penetrated, yet they often rise to the greatest heights, and form some of our loftiest mountains.

The primitive rocks are granite, gneiss, mica slate, and primary limestone. I will describe briefly each in order; but must first, to be intelligible, notice the minerals of which they are composed. These are mica, quartz, and felspar. Mica is a shining substance, of various colors, from silvery white to brown, yellow, black, and green. It is known under the common name of ising-glass, and fragments of it abound in the sand of primitive countries, and of rivers descending from thence. It is found sometimes in large plates of two to three square feet; and being composed of laminæ, or layers, which are easily separable and transparent, they have been used as windows, lantern glasses, &c., and are still used in the Russian navy in place of glass, not being so liable to crack on the explosion of artillery. The finest laminæ are used for inclosing insects and other small substances, in order to submit them to the microscope. Quartz, the next mineral in the composition of granite, is found in various forms, not only in primitive but in all other countries. It occurs chrystallized and massive, in which case its primary form is an obtuse rhombohedron. Its secondary and more common

forms, arising from the combinations of its primary, are the various modifications of the hexahedral, or six-sided prism, terminated by a six-sided pyramid. Sometimes the prism is short, or entirely wanting, and both ends are then in the form of a double pyramid, each having six sides. This is one of the hardest minerals, and possesses a brilliance, in some cases, not much inferior to second rate diamonds. Its color, when pure, is white, and its iridescence, at some angles of light, exceedingly beautiful. It is composed of silicium, ninety-eight per cent., which is an oxide of the metal silicium, and about two per cent. of water. When massive it puts on a variety of forms, which are variously modified as they contain various foreign substances. Thus, the addition of a little iron constitutes a jasper, flint, and horn-stone.

This mineral is used commonly in the state of sand, for the purpose of obtaining glass, of which are made windows, mirrors, vessels, and many other articles of use, and also for glazing and giving strength to china and other crockery ware.

The chrystallized quartz, as variously combined, forms a very handsome class of gems for the lapidary, as the rock chrystal, rose quartz, amethyst, jasper, chalcedony, agate, heliotrope, chrysoprase, &c., &c.

Felspar, the third mineral in the constitution of granite, also occurs in chrystals and massive. Its primitive form is an oblique rhombic prism. Its hardness is inferior to quartz. When massive it has a granular structure, and sometimes may be split into laminæ. Its color is various shades of white, flesh red, and green—its lustre vitreous and pearly, on the faces of perfect cleavage—its fracture conchoidal and uneven. Difference in color and lustre has produced different names for the several varieties; thus, adularia, or moon stone, is a white transparent variety, which exhibits a chatoyant reflection of light, and when it contains minute scales of mica, is termed sun stone. Felspar is one of the most important minerals on the globe to man. When it decomposes, it forms clays of various kinds, which are very important in the arts and agriculture; thus, the white felspar forms the kaolin, or porcelain clay, from which are made the different kinds of porcelain. The coarser varieties form rougher clays, for common crockery, and the coarsest, brick clay, and an aluminous earth, which enters necessarily into the composition of good soils. These three minerals, mica, quartz, and felspar, in a granular state, constitute the rock termed granite, from its granular structure. It is generally exceedingly hard, and answers as a valuable building stone, and was much used by the ancients for this purpose. Sometimes, instead of the mica, a mineral termed hornblende is associated with the quartz and felspar, forming a rock termed syenite, from Syene, in upper Egypt, where first found. It is of this rock that Pompey's Pillar, at Alexandria, is hewn. It has been already remarked that granite is the foundation rock on which the upper portion of the geological column rests, the beds incline in various angles on its sides as it forms the supporting axis of a chain of

* Concluded from page 304.

mountains, and rises to an enormous height. The aspect of granitic mountains varies very considerably with the character of the rock. Where the beds occupy a position nearly horizontal, or where the minerals which compose it are soft and disintegrating, the summits are rounded, heavy, and unpicturesque. When hard and soft granite are intermixed in the same mountain, the softer falling away, the harder blocks remain piled up in rich confusion. When the granite is hard, the beds are nearly perpendicular to the horizon, or rise at an angle of 70° to 85° , and have a laminar structure. It forms lofty pyramidal peaks, or *aiguilles* that rise in majestic spires, as in Mount Blanc, the highest peak of the Alps. Their general aspect is rugged, stern, and picturesque, and the soil being thin, and abounding in silex, is necessarily poor and unfitted for agricultural purposes. It, however, furnishes good pasturage for cattle and sheep. The atmosphere is pure and healthful, and the water is clear, sparkling, and sweet; but its rivers are much broken by falls and cascades, which impede navigation.

Gneiss is composed of the same minerals as granite; but instead of its structure being granular, the mica, quartz, and felspar, are arranged in layers, thus giving the rock a slaty character—it is, indeed, a slaty granite. It also is useful as a building material, and from the facility with which it splits in the direction of its laminæ, it makes excellent flag-stones for paving causeways. The declivities of granite mountains are covered by rocks of gneiss in many parts of the world, as is found in Sweden, Germany, the eastern states, and in Maryland.

Mica slate commonly lies on gneiss, or granite, and is composed of mica, and quartz, intimately combined. Felspar occurs only in irregular masses in this rock. The color of this rock is generally of a light gray, verging on green or yellow. The finer kinds have a pearly lustre—in the coarser kinds the plates of mica are more distinct and splendid. Mica slate abounds on the banks of the Connecticut, whence it is transported to different parts of the Union to serve chiefly for paving the streets and sidewalks.

Chrystals of garnet are frequently disseminated through mica slate, and occasionally chrystals of other minerals. Its structure is slaty, and often waved and contorted and divided by the thin laminæ of quartz. Associated with these, as subordinate rocks, are primitive limestone, hornblende, serpentine, and quartz rock. Chrystalline, or primary limestone, of which statuary marble is a fine grained and perfectly white variety, occurs principally in beds in primary mountains, and that which is found in gneiss and mica slate, is finer than that from granite. This limestone is often associated with serpentine, forming a beautiful stone for ornamental purposes, called *verde antique*, a handsome vein of which is found at New Haven, Conn. Chrystalline limestone, when pure, is composed of calcareous earth, which is scarcely found as a component part of granite, gneiss, or mica slate. White marble is procured in abundance from Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Massachusetts, and other of the eastern states.

Granite sometimes forms veins, shooting up into and overlaying the rocks placed above it. This fact is of some value, as indicating that the granite has been in a state of fusion, the heat of which has softened and rent the upper rocks. It is not uncommon for one set of granite veins to intersect another; and sometimes there are three sets, as in the vicinity of Heidelberg, where the granite on the banks of the Necker, consists of three varieties, differing in color, grain, and various peculiarities of mineral composition. The second vein in age cuts through an older granite, and another, still newer, traverses both the first and second.

There is abundant reason to believe that granite has been produced at various geological eras, with similar characters, but not always associated with similar strata. Von Buch discovered, in Norway, a mass of granite overlying an ancient secondary limestone, containing orthocerata, and other shells and zoophytes.

It would appear that granite and other primary rocks are of igneous origin, as whenever they send veins through fossiliferous rocks, the fossils are entirely obliterated near the vein, whilst at a distance they are visible. Dr. M'Culloch describes a considerable mass of granite in the Isle of Sky, which reposes on limestone and shale; and the limestone which, at a greater distance from the granite, contains no shells, exhibits no traces of them near its junction, but is there changed into a pure chrystalline marble. When the granite veins do not pass through fossiliferous rocks, but through those not so, they invariably contort the strata, changing in some cases the character of the rock, and invariably rendering that portion through which it passes more indurated.

The general aspect of mountains composed of gneiss and mica slate is less elevated and rugged than granite. The surfaces of the rocks are rounder, the soil about of the same quality, and the water courses equally broken. When a primitive country forms a barrier to the sea, its shores are bold and rocky, its harbors generally few and difficult to enter, but safe when obtained.

Primitive countries, from the difficulty of access, the poverty of the soil on the hills, but frequent richness in the vallies, and necessary active enterprise of its population, have always been the cradles of an active, enterprising, laborious, and to some extent free people. As instances, we might mention Scotland, Switzerland, Greece, New England, and not least, Caucasus, against which the autocrat of Russia now appears in vain to send his myriads of mercenaries.

In the slight view of the primitive class of rocks which we have now taken, there are already visible many evidences of wisdom on the part of the Creator. The first point that claims our attention is the simplicity of the materials employed, a few metals combined with oxides producing earths of various kinds. These consolidating into mineral substances are chrystalline, either altogether or in part. The second is the stability given by their union to the crust of the earth. If, as some suppose, the interior of the earth be a mass of metallic bases, to which gasses and water, finding vent, afford

the means of chemical combination, and produce a large amount of internal heat, which operates to call into action volcanoes, earthquakes, geysers, and medicated springs. It would appear absolutely necessary that the rocks which are nearest to these chemical operations, and consequently more subject to the expansion and contraction of gaseous bodies, and the active agency of fire, should be of sufficient cohesive power to afford a safe foundation to those above them. A third evidence of design and benevolence is, that they not only afford man a secure resting place, but the substances of which they are formed are such as not only best answer their present purpose, but, collectively and singly, are made to minister to the wants and necessities of man.

As has been already observed, the rock answers an admirable purpose in the construction of edifices, bridges, &c. The simple minerals themselves also enable us to enjoy the blessings of life much more extensively than we could otherwise have done. Divest man of the use of glass, building stone, and pottery, and you take from him many of the comforts of life. A fourth proof may be found in the manner of their arrangement. It will be remembered that they form the bases and the loftiest summits of mountain ranges; hence their effect in breaking the cloud pregnant with the humid moisture which causes earth to yield her stores to man; hence, too, the winds are influenced, and many a pestilential gale is turned in its course of destruction. Here, too, the noble river in some small rippling stream commences first its winding course; and rolling on its fast accumulating flood through many a mountain gorge and lovely vale, bears itself richly laden to the ocean's mighty bosom, and mingles with its roaring billows.

Thus, then, even the foundations of the earth are laid in wisdom, and with direct reference to the ultimate object for which they were designed by the Almighty.

With what mingled sentiments of fear and love should we regard that omnipotent Being whose wisdom and power bear such marks of infinite goodness—fear, lest we transgress his sacred law, and expose ourselves to his justice—love, that we may ever yield the pleasing offerings of gratitude for his multiplied kindnesses! Truly might the prophet Nahum declare that “the Lord is slow to anger, and great in power, and will not at all acquit the wicked: the Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet. He rebuketh the sea, and maketh it dry, and drieth up all the rivers: Bashan languisheth, and Carmel, and the flower of Lebanon languisheth. The mountains quake at him, and the hills melt, and the earth is burned at his presence, yea, the world, and all that dwell therein. Who can stand before his indignation? and who can abide in the fierceness of his anger? his fury is poured out like fire, and the rocks are thrown down by him. The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him.”

Vol. I.—43

Original.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

How merciful is God to lay the *foundation* of all true piety in the *affections*! If these be pure, *duty* as necessarily follows as the stream from the fountain, or the rays from the sun. *Affection* is the foundation of all the happiness of that union which was instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, symbolizing the mystical union that is between Christ and his Church.

A favorite writer of the present age remarks, “As there is nothing in creation that so powerfully engages our attention, attracts our inclinations, refines our manners, exalts our character, and secures our happiness, as the other sex—the sharers of our very nature, and the partners of our lives—we need not wonder that authors have so frequently noticed them. But while physicians, and historians, and philosophers, and poets have paid these claimants attention not always in the most deserving and profitable way, it may seem strange that preachers so rarely make them *distinctively* the objects of their address.”

A good reason may be assigned for this—the *preacher's* main object is to secure the *affections to God*. Then necessarily follow love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, against which (in all the code of conjugal life) there is no law.

But admitting this, we are aware that truly pious persons retain the innocent infirmities of human nature, which have various tendencies; in some of either sex they may be *contraries*, whilst, in others, they may be so harmonized, that,

“Like the tide of mingled streams,
Which nought can sever,”

they may form the most pleasing coalescence, and secure all that happiness fondly anticipated in the sacred conjugal relation. Then,

“As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defin'd,
First rivets our attention;
So manners, decent and polite,
The same we practic'd at first sight,
Must save it from declension.”

A minister of the Gospel should have it impressed upon his heart, that God has constituted him the instrument to call into his vineyard a fellow laborer, in the person of a help mate; and as the privilege of selection belongs to him, and the opportunities of choice are extensive, he should act with the utmost *prudence*, the most prayerful *deliberation*, with a strict attention to the developments of *Providence*. As by comparison he must form his opinion, he should have impressed upon his *mind* a proper standard by which to ascertain the relative merits of his female friends, that he may know who is suited to the useful and responsible sphere to which a minister's wife is called.

The writer has received a letter from a pious and intelligent female friend, setting forth what a minister's wife should be. It may prove useful to some in ascertaining a correct standard of comparison. It is also submitted for the benefit of the fair readers of your

Repository, especially those who sustain to the Church the responsible relation to which it refers.

***** Park, —, 1841.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—After praying that God will speak, even by me, on the deeply important subject of this letter, I will try to give you the result of twenty years, observation, reading, and experience. Our excellent Discipline bids us do good 'of all possible sort,' and it is in view of this, as well as the deep interest I feel for the young ministers of the Church to which I have the honor to belong, that I venture to give the following thoughts.

After prayerfully searching God's holy word for light, carefully examining your motive, and bringing reason, prudence, and discretion to your aid, as well as expediency, if you are convinced it will not be out of the order of Providence for you to take an helpmate, I would advise you, if possible, to select a lady of the following description.

Let her be deeply and consistently pious, of judicious training in *early* youth, having passed through adversity, which is an almost indispensable school. Let her be able and willing to bear cheerfully every vicissitude, being so entirely conformed to the will of God in all things, as not only to *bear*, but cheerfully *embrace* crosses and afflictions, and also be humble and thankful in time of prosperity. Her temper and disposition should be so modified by grace, and so improved by constant self-denial and discipline, as to be kept, under all circumstances, in due bounds. She should be naturally affectionate—not vain—not fond of admiration—not given to love of dress, but plain, neat, and orderly. She should have good common sense, and not romantic or sentimental in her notions. (These are, however, very indefinite terms. One may be fond of nature's beauties, and love to expatiate upon them, and may have just and beautiful sentiments, without being foolishly romantic.) She should be plain, and love matter of fact. Let her be of a good family—not *aristocratic*—but one that is honest and reputable. She should have good health, with no hereditary disease, such as insanity, consumption, or the like. Let her be rather silent than otherwise, knowing when to speak and when to hold her tongue. She must have pleasing, affable manners, and a modest, kind address. She should be energetic, persevering, industrious, and economical in her expenditures, knowing the true value of money, and how to use it aright. She should know her place, her *true* position in society, and be able to maintain it with dignity and meekness. She must not be *querulous*, or daunted by difficulties. She should have a sound education. I do not mean that she must have gone to fashionable schools, &c.; for some enjoy all such advantages, and are still lamentably ignorant of what it concerns them most to know. As to her personal appearance, this is altogether a matter of taste, only take care that you admire not the casket, so as to be deceived in the quality of the jewel it contains.

An adept in *art* (and I am sorry to say there are

such) may so counterfeit the qualifications I have enumerated, as to completely deceive an amiable and ingenuous young minister. Such has been the case; and the only protection against such a 'soul harrowing deception,' is fervent, faithful prayer and watchfulness, at the same time making use of all the means you *justifiably* can to ascertain her *true* character.

And now, since I have taken upon me to speak, permit me to say a word as to how you shall act towards such a wife. It is not likely that you will get one with all these excellences, and no faults. Nothing is perfect here. But if she loves you, (and she ought to love you well enough to go to 'the farthest verge of the green earth' with you,) and is teachable, you may win her to be all you could wish, if you will ask for wisdom to enable you to go the right way about it. Try to find out her *natural turn*, and gain her entire confidence. Let your conduct be so at all times before her that she may have the deepest *respect* for you.

Women have many sufferings and petty vexations that men know nothing about; therefore, if you do not always see smiles, make allowances and pray for her. Do not love her so as to be blind to her real faults. (I suspect Adam loved Eve *too* much, or he would not have adhered to her and offended his God.) Let her see from the first, that though you have much love you have much decision. Every man should rule in his own house, if he be qualified so to do. Some men are not qualified; and when this is the case, if the wife is, she should rule, yet so that it may not *appear*.* Be respectful, affectionate, and *courteous* in your manners towards her. Aid her in every way that you can. Watch over her carefully. *See that she has no confidence but yourself.* Finally, train her for the skies.

Yours affectionately,

M. S."

The ambassador for Christ, (and the minister ought to be such in every sense of that word,) having such a wife to share with him the toils, privations, and pleasures of the ministry, will be enabled to encounter its trials joyfully, and will prove that

"The love, which cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserv'd by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention;
But lives when that exterior grace
Which first inspir'd the flame decays."

TIMOTHEUS.

* Who shall judge, the husband or the wife, which party is or is not qualified to rule?

—•••••
"THE thorn and the thistle around me may grow—
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not rest,
Till I find them for ever in Jesus' breast.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land;
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
And I'll smoothen it with hope, and cheer it with song."

LYLE.

Original.
THE WARNING.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

"There's strength deep bedded in our hearts, of which
We reck but little, till the shaft has pierc'd
Its fragile dwelling. Must not earth be rent
Before her gems are found?"

"WHAT an interesting young gentleman Mr. Merrill is," exclaimed Sophia to her sisters, as they sat at their morning work. "I thought him perfectly fascinating last night; so polite—such a graceful bow—knows how to pay a compliment so pleasantly."

"I did not see any thing very agreeable in him," replied Martha, as she looked up extremely surprised to hear her sister express herself so warmly in Mr. Merrill's favor. "He surely knows how to dance well, and that is his principal recommendation."

"O sister, you forget his person, his manners, and his generous spirit, always ready at any expense to entertain his friends. See the difference between his conduct and that of your favorite, Marshman; who stays day after day behind the counter, to hoard up wealth which none can enjoy."

"Sophia, do not speak so harshly of my favorite, as you please to term him. Perhaps you are not aware that his economical habits are the result of necessity, as well as of principle; and that instead of hoarding wealth, his money is used for the support of a widowed and infirm mother, who is entirely dependent on his exertions. You will never hear of him, I think, as a defaulter, or as using the funds intrusted to him in midnight revelries."

"Sophia is sadly deceived," whispered a young sister of fourteen, to her mother. "Our school girls speak of Mr. Merrill's character as suspicious. His employers, it is said, are becoming very uneasy. They cannot place the confidence in him which they have formerly done."

Sophia's quick ear had heard the remark, and the reddening cheek betrayed that the gentleman was of more than ordinary interest to her. "It is envy, mere envy, that leads any one to speak ill of Mr. Merrill," said she, in a tone of vexation.

Mrs. Wilmot had listened anxiously to the conversation between her daughters, and a deep shade of sorrow passed over her features, as she looked on her fatherless children, just emerging into womanhood; so fair, so unacquainted with the world, and she shuddered at the thought that they should ever be the victims of misplaced affection. She longed for ever to screen them with a mother's love, from all the vicissitudes of life. "Heaven preserve my daughters from the cup of sorrow of which I have so deeply drunk!" she involuntarily exclaimed, as she retired from her daughters, and sought her chamber to give vent to her overcharged heart.

Her daughters knew that a cloud of adversity had overshadowed their mother's path. They knew that

her married life had been one of desolation. Never had the name of their father been called by their mother. The eldest had an indistinct remembrance of a painful interview between her parents, which terminated soon in their separation. The younger ones knew not a father's love. His eye had beamed on them only in their infantile years; and when they witnessed the endearments of the domestic fire-side, where the prayers of the sire called down blessings on his offspring, they often wept that they were never to realize a father's tenderness. Delicacy forbade their asking Mrs. Wilmot any questions. Relatives mentioned him not; and they grew up to womanhood with this knowledge alone, that their father had forsaken his family, and thrown them on the world destitute.

A painful silence reigned through the little parlor from which Mrs. Wilmot had retired. Each seemed occupied with her own thoughts. Mary was weeping, and her tears had fallen unnoticed on her slate, obscuring a composition on which she had bestowed much labor.

"I do wish, sister Sophia, that Mr. Merrill had not popped into your head this morning; for my whole composition is spoiled, my ideas are so scattered that I cannot re-arrange them, and worse than all, mamma has been enveloped in gloom, by a few idle remarks."

"Mamma is too anxious about us, I think," replied Sophia.

At this moment a brother of Mrs. Wilmot entered the apartment. He noticed the gloom which had deprived his nieces of their usual hilarity, and his eye rested inquiringly on Sophia.

"Uncle, dear uncle," said his niece, "you see us all sober. Some casual remarks have called to mamma's remembrance scenes that are past, over which memory weeps. Do tell us something of my father's history, and then let the vail of oblivion be drawn over his follies and his faults."

"I have felt for sometime," remarked Mr. Converse, "that you ought to know something respecting him, that you might better appreciate your mother's situation, to enable you, if need should be, to imitate her firmness; and like her, acquire that strength of mind which, by the blessing of a kind Providence, has borne her above the waves of affliction, which almost overwhelmed her. It is but a little more than twenty years since your grandfather died, and left your mother heiress to a handsome property. By his will, his unmarried daughters could not come into possession of their share until their marriage day, and this circumstance may have induced them to marry rather prematurely. Many were the suitors who knelt at the shrine of youth, beauty, and wealth. Your mother is now but the faded semblance of what she was at eighteen. Her heart was buoyant with hope, her figure possessed a fairy lightness, and scarcely ever did I see a cheek which glowed so beautifully with the hue of health."

Ann had just returned from Litchfield, where she had spent sometime under the care of Miss P. Admirers were numerous; and many there were whose

plain manners and farmer-like address gained them a prompt refusal. I see them now in affluent circumstances, blessed with all that a bounteous heaven can bestow. They are men of influence and weight in society. O how those girls mistake who refuse a man because he does not make an elegant appearance, when he possesses all the qualities needful to constitute a good husband."

"Sophia," whispered Mary, "do you hear what uncle says? Don't marry a man because he is genteel, I beg of you."

"It was at this time," continued Mr. Converse, "that I met your father, Edward Wilmot, at W——, where he was established in the mercantile business. He was peculiarly fascinating in his personal appearance—a general favorite with all classes, and possessed a fund of wit and humor I scarce ever saw equaled. His exterior was imposing, and his features finely formed, without possessing that effeminacy which often attaches itself to a handsome man. It is not strange that the inexperienced heart of Ann Converse was captivated. I well recollect the hushed silence that reigned in the church in M——, as the young couple stood before the altar, and the venerable Mr. R—— performed the nuptial ceremony. Beautiful! beautiful! was the exclamation of many, as with intense interest, and throbbing heart, I gazed on them.

Ann was but a year my junior, and I was proud of such a sister. She looked with such a trusting confidence on him who was soon to be nearer than father, mother, brother or sister, I mentally said, Can he ever betray the confidence of that trusting girl, and plant a thorn in her bosom?

"The blessing fell tremulously from the lips of that aged minister—their hands were joined—the ceremony was over—and as I turned from the altar, I noticed a look, almost like severity, that sat sternly on the features of some of my father's friends. Perhaps they were unconscious of such an expression of feeling; but as it was, it seemed to me an omen of ill.

"The life of Ann Converse had been one of unmingled gladness, until the death of her father; and now her joyous spirit basked in the sunshine of happiness. The rainbow of hope arched her sky, and she wished not to have her dream of domestic joy dispelled as illusory. Mr. Wilmot removed his bride immediately to his residence in W——. The first year of their married life was unmarked by any incident of unusual occurrence. At its expiration, Mr. Wilmot concluded to move to a village about twelve miles from Ann's maternal residence. In that place, her property was expended in building and furnishing a splendid house. Her domestic management was characterized by neatness, economy, and order. There was much that was attractive in the household arrangements of Mrs. Wilmot. There was always a cheerful smile, and a well arranged table, to meet Mr. Wilmot, when the duties of the day were over; but habits long formed, will hardly be subdued, unless by firm principle. Mrs. Wilmot noticed that the absence of her husband at his bu-

siness was becoming more and more protracted. Innocence suspects no evil, and her mind was always ready to form a favorable excuse for Edward's delay. Occupied with family cares, the lateness of the hour would often surprise her.

"One evening she was waiting, as usual, the return of her husband; the candle had twice burned to its socket; she had read and sewed by turns to while away the time, and again took up the daily paper. Her husband's name arrested her eye. Can you imagine her surprise, when she found her best furniture was to be sold at auction the following day? She could hardly believe her eyes. Again she read, and found it was an exact catalogue of her parlor furniture. Absorbed in painful reflections, she heeded not the entrance of her husband until he stood at her side. The paper lay on the stand before her, her finger still pointing to the advertisement, as though to ascertain if she were indeed correct.

"Mr. Wilmot, with an assumed air of cheerfulness, exclaimed, 'What are you prosing over, Ann?'

"His voice roused her. 'What does that mean?' she replied, her eye directing his to the paper.

"O it is that hateful paper that distresses you, Ann. I have been unfortunate—I am embarrassed, and rather than call on friends, I thought it best to part with articles that were not indispensably necessary to our comfort."

"Your mother's devotion to her husband was such, that it was enough to know that he had been unfortunate, and that such a sacrifice was necessary.

"It is trying," was her reply, 'but I will meet it patiently.'

"The husband looked grateful, and with consummate art he directed her attention to the nestling babe in the cradle. The mother's tenderness was awakened, and as the infant pillowed its head on her bosom, the auction was forgotten; the smiles of the little one, beaming with love for its mother, helped to dispell the gloom. Edward kissed his gentle wife, and confidence restored, she shed around her a fascinating influence.

"The auction came, and furniture that was simple was substituted in the place of the elegant articles that had been removed. There was no lack of attention to Mrs. Wilmot, that could have induced her to think that her husband was irregular in his habits, except his prolonged absences. Time wore on, and a little group were gathering around them; and with the cares of a family Ann had less time to devote to anxious forebodings. But a damp was thrown over her spirit when the long winter evenings came, and went, and the erring one was rarely by his own fireside. When questioned as to the reason, the irritation which he betrayed grieved and dispirited his wife. Rumors were current of inattention to business; but she heard them not. The crisis at last approached: merchants in New York became impatient for their dues—his notes returned protested, and Mr. Wilmot was obliged to close his business. The mansion in which he lived was your mother's property, but it was sacrificed with the rest. She loved her husband not the less for being unfortunate, and

strove with unwearied assiduity to impel him to renewed exertion; but ah! there was a fatal secret that she did not understand—a poison in the cup of her domestic bliss.

"The young couple had many friends, and Edward was soon re-established in business. But he was unfortunate—again they came to his aid. It was whispered that he 'played deeply.' Ann had borne their adversities without a murmur. She would not add to his trials by imputing his ill success to mismanagement, though there was something in his air which told that all was not right. He did not exhibit the same tenderness for his prattling babes—he rarely took them on his knee; and when their fond mother placed them in his arms as in other days, there seemed no music in the laugh of infancy, to awaken a father's sympathy. Mrs. Wilmot accidentally found several packs of cards, and these unfolded the page of her husband's misfortunes. She could now account for his nightly absences. She could realize the cause of that infatuation, which had desolated their fireside, and had made their once happy home a wilderness. The discovery was a death-blow—the funeral knell of hope and happiness. She wrapped the fatal cards in an envelope, on which she wrote her name, and laid them in his secretary. Edward knew by the drooping spirits of his wife, that his character was exposed, and that she had learned that he was a gamester. The barrier was removed, and from this time he plunged deeply into dissipation. He became entirely absorbed in his midnight revelries.

"He was entreated to forbear—but entreaties were useless. 'I shall restore my broken fortunes,' he would say, 'and wealth shall again be yours.' An *ignis fatuus* lured him on—his health became impaired—his business was utterly neglected, and my poor sister, with her helpless family, were left without the means of support. He did not treat her with harshness; but O! such cruel neglect. He sacrificed at the card-table his property, his health, and his honor. The full moon just sinking to her rest, often witnessed him stealing to the sleepless bed-side of his wife; till at length self-respect seemed entirely lost, and he would absent himself for several days, none knew where. Friends urged a separation. They had tried to reclaim him—they had remonstrated—they were at length disgusted. Their object was now to prevail upon Mrs. Wilmot to return to the home of her childhood. O! how the lone heart will cling in its bitterness to that which it has loved. She still hoped he would change; and when she thought of the work of ruin which had been accomplished in a few short years, how could she leave her husband to degradation—a lost—a ruined man? She roused herself from the lethargy which hung over her, and determined to exert herself to obtain an adequate support for herself and her little ones.

"To open a boarding-house appeared the most appropriate method of doing this, and in her efforts she was for awhile successful; but Mr. Wilmot's infatuation was such, that all consideration for his family seemed absorbed in one fatal passion. Again and again

were the silver and other valuable articles taken from the house, and deposited with the pawn-broker. Articles of dress were staked at the table. Large sums of money were often taken from the house, but never returned. Your mother found it impossible to contend with such accumulated difficulties. She arranged her affairs, and with five children—the eldest perhaps 11—returned to the home which she, a happy bride, had left twelve years before. She was but 30 years of age—still lovely—but sorrow had withered the rose on her cheek; and had it not been that her mind was nerved with more than ordinary strength, she would have sunk into an untimely grave. The affections of her heart had been seared and withered, her family thrown dependent on the charity of friends, and he who was pledged to cherish and protect through weal and woe, had fallen from his station in society and become an outcast.

"Mrs. Wilmot felt, 'Never was there sorrow like unto my sorrow.' Although she drooped, she fainted not. She had learned during her afflictions, to put her trust in an unfailing Source of consolation; and when the rebellious tear would fall, the murmuring word would die on her lips, and she would meekly say, 'The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' When she looked on her children, she felt the necessity of exertion. Much devolved on her, and she acted with corresponding energy, devoting herself entirely to their education.

"For several years I had spent my time in N—— H——, my delicate health unfitting me for attention to business. I resolved immediately to come and reside with my sister, and aid her in her task of educating her fatherless babes; for so they soon were. But a few months fled ere intelligence was conveyed to us of the death of Mr. Wilmot. We mourned—but we mourned not as those without hope. A ray of light gleamed over the dying pillow, and He who forgave the thief on the cross, spoke peace to the departing spirit of your father. Yet we mourned that nature's noble architecture should have been so fearfully destroyed. We wept that the manly Edward had not power to contend with those fascinations, which were the wreck of hope, peace, and life.

"You weep, my dear girls. Let the veil of oblivion rest on his memory; and raise it not but to dwell on his virtues, for he had many. Strive to fulfill the duties which shall be assigned you. Imitate the example of your mother in her tenderness—her fortitude—her faith—and may nought but peace be written on the page of your destiny."

It had been an unwelcome task for Mr. Converse to speak thus of the dead, and he revolved in his mind some mode of dissipating the sadness which he had increased by this recital; and then recollected a ride which he had in contemplation when he entered the room. "My carriage is at the door, girls. Who would like to ride?"

"We will all go as soon as we get our faces washed, dear uncle," said Martha.

"But why are you not preparing, Mary?" exclaimed the kind uncle.

"Why," she replied, smiling through her tears, "I have to carry a composition to school this afternoon, and only look! I had it all written on my slate, and now you cannot see but a word here and there. Now I will go to ride if you will give me a few heads—my subject, The Old Bachelor."

"Agreed—agreed," said Mr. Converse, as he kissed the cheek of his favorite niece.

A knock at the door arrested their preparation, and a domestic slipped in with a request from Mr. Merrill to see Miss Sophia. The party, equipped for the ride, were soon in the carriage, and Sophia was left to a solitary *tele-a-tete* with her fascinating beau. The tale she had just heard was sufficient to prevent her bestowing her hand on the elegant James Merrill. Future events showed to her that "all is not gold that glitters;" and in after life, she was grateful that she had not been involved in the fate of the defaulter.

J. A. S.

Original.

WALKING.

MR. EDITOR,—In the large and varied repast prepared for the readers of the "Repository," the board is munificently spread. It affords of science, of the researches of black-letter—the learning of the schools, of Biblical erudition; of poesy, sentiment; of all the different styles of belles-lettres; as well as the practical and graphic delineations of positive and specific life, and much more. The table abounds, I say, in the best of a feast, in substantial middle dishes, in stands of venison, of ham, and solid joints—and of fish, flesh; and fowl. But though all who partake may be partially carnivorous, yet many younger and of lighter tastes, may like a little admixture as their *dessert*—the blanc-mange, the whipt syllabub, the floating island, &c.; not to pacify appetite, but as a gusto, a regale to the senses at large, an intellectual bagatelle. I cater for these, and present you *entre-met*, No. 1, or the

ECONOMY OF WALKING.

Being in good health, I am also habitually in good spirits; and when I take a walk of recreation and am not in haste, I have a spontaneous Atalantean spring, which is in itself a delight, an unconscious winning of my way. But when I commence a long walk, one a little more extensive than either health or enjoyment would require, in the beginning, being fresh and strong, I assume by economy, a light, elastic, Camilla-like motion, sliding, as it were, to the elevation of a second step before the first is finished. Much *ground* is gained by this method; besides that, we draw upon a set of accessories, which anon may take rest, whilst others are summoned to the field. The principals, i. e., the feet, *must* be acting all the while: but some of their sub-agents may, by a little management, "spell" each other, to the advantage of all. After having drawn upon the sinews and muscles for awhile, nature flags

and lags a little—and again, again, and yet more—and by this time, with half-unconscious volition, she has fallen on a surer and more positive tread. This is very well as a succedaneum, but it is not her best faculty or facility: though she takes more pains, she makes less progress. By and by she seems discontented even of this, and moves at an unwilling rate, ungainly and ungaining; and becoming still more discouraged, she finishes at last in the sullen, stolid style of, "My lord's footman in the Sulks."

PEDESTRIANIA.

Original.

REPOSE AND PRAYER.

How beautiful is sleep. God not only spreads our bed and draws around us the curtain of darkness; but he fits us by lassitude to enjoy the somnolency which he bestows. Yet more than this—he watches and guards us whilst we sleep. Though in our physical body we lay like a clod of the valley, yet are we safe. We seem as dead: to the beholder our repose resembles that of death; so complete for the time is our inanition. Yet shall we revive and live again; out of this collapse of nerve and sinew shall we spring fresh and elastic; nature shall again assume vitality and action, and go rejoicing on her course. Who would not worship God? Who would not say a prayer? It is no stretch of faith, at least there is no fatuity in supposing, could the matter be tested by evidence, that perhaps no damage occurs to any of His creatures who have commended themselves and their dwelling, by a *sincere* and *humble prayer*, to his protection before they slept? At least, he were a hardy and hardened reprobate, a cast-away from God's grace, who, knowing this *fact*, would dare invade that house and its tenants during God's *night-watch*, and they folded, as it were, in the arms of the Shepherd.

C. M. B.

Original.

MOONLIGHT.

BY J. E. EDWARDS.

"When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, that thou hast ordained," Psalms.

THE stars are shining from afar,
While Cynthia rolls her silver car,
Along the vault of heaven:
Her mellow beams of softened light,
Stream through the curtains of the night,
Like grace on souls forgiven.

But soon the stars will fade away,
The moon will quench her beams in day,
In floods of brighter light:
So soon the Christian's life will end,
But in eternity he'll spend
A day without a night.

THE FLOWERS.

THE flowers, the flowers, the fair young flowers, how I
love each rainbow hue,
That sparkles on their odorous cheeks when gemm'd
with pearly dew;
How I love to watch their soft young buds in beauty
and light unfold,
Arrayed in a regal purple vest, or emerald green, and
gold.

Or glittering bright in an azure robe, like the brow of
the arching sky,
Or the vermeil tints that o'er the cheek of blushing
beauty fly;
How lovely is the violet, so innocent, and meek,
How beautiful the empress rose, with her lovely, tinted
cheek.

The violet, how like the babe, with soft and trusting eye,
So loving, and confidingly, turn'd to the laughing sky;
And O! how like fair beauty's spring, in young life's
morning hour,
Is the delicate bloom of the virgin rose—queen of the
sylvan bower.

O! the rose has faded long ago—her short, sweet life
is o'er,
By stream, and wood, and garden bower, we find her
flowers no more.
How anxiously, how anxiously, I watch'd her buds
unclose;
How sigh'd, when from the dying stem, fell summer's
last sweet rose.

Strange, that 'mong all the laughing flowers that spread
the silken wing,
Beneath the warm, blue, summer sky, or in the gales
of spring;
The rose, the fair, imperial rose, should stir my heart
alone,
With such deep, gushing mournfulness, when her sweet
flowers are gone.

Yet thus it is—and ever still, a strange, mysterious chain,
Link'd to youth's golden memories, recalls those hours
again,
When mingling with the kindred band, beside the social
hearth,
Life seem'd one long, bright gala-day, of happiness and
mirth.

O! where is now that youthful band, the soul of home's
sweet bowers,
Who sang, and laugh'd, and danc'd away the young,
unfetter'd hours?
Scatter'd afar by mount and stream, 'neath many a
changing sky,
'Mid stranger flowers they sadly mark, sweet summer
gliding by.

And he with warm and generous breast, and mind of
loftiest tone,

The *life-pulse* of each gushing heart—O gone, for ever
gone!

Where the wild winds of autumn moan'd, o'er prairies
of the west,
Sad strangers heap'd the fresh, green sod, above his
manly breast.

The flowers, the flowers, the fair young flowers, of our
sweet home of mirth,
Ne'er shall they all united bloom, in one parterre on
earth;
But blissful is the trusting hope, to the bereav'd one
given,
That they shall all immortal bloom in an unchanging
heaven.

SOPHIA.

Original.

THE SABBATH.

'Tis holy Sabbath day! How sweet the calm
Of quiet holiness, doth rest upon
Reposing Nature's bosom!

No rude plough
Now sinks its iron tooth in furrows deep—
Nor hum of busy labor wakes the air—
Nor voice of axe is heard:

But all is "peace!"
The earth seems worshiping, alike with man,
Him, whose supreme benevolence did form,
And fashion, in His wisdom, work so fair!

O what a chain of golden links we see,
In bright succession, all creation through!
Far upward on his throne, above the heavens,
God, in his glory, shines!

His love divine,
O'erflowing in its goodness, like a sea
Of golden waters, gushes down to earth;
Spreading its rich profusion o'er his works,
And bidding all rejoice!

Canst thou, O man,
On this, His hallow'd day—this day of rest,
Refuse *thy* tuneful pow'rs to sing his praise?
Wilt *thou*, for whom both earth and heav'n were made,
Refuse to bow in humble thankfulness,
Before His throne whose mercy gave thee life?
Wilt thou, in all the scorn of haughty pride,
Spurn from thine heart the blessed influence
That moves thee heavenward?

Pause, O pause and think;
O choose the "better part"—that thus thy God,
May so infill thy spirit with his love,
That it shall ever seek to know his will,
And walk in all his ways!

Then, when creation meets
Thine eye, in all its varied loveliness,
As *now* it doth, upon this Sabbath morn;
Thy grateful songs, with *nature's* shall accord:
Thus man and nature worship nature's God!

R. J. A.

Original.

THE CONTRAST;

OR, MARGARET OF ANJOU AND MRS. WESLEY.

BY SARAH C. M'CABE.

CHARACTER, as it is revealed upon the page of history, should be made a subject of serious study. Much can be learned from personal observation on men and things, but much more from the chronicles of the past—from the characters of sages and heroes that have stamped their own signature upon the age in which they lived.

By comparison and contrast, we learn the disparity between objects presented to the senses or to the mind, with their relative value. Things are great and small according to the standard by which they are measured. If our scale of measurement is narrower or less extended than eternity, our estimate will be false. The materialist would view a crown as an absolute blessing, and a prison as an absolute curse. But with a line reaching far onward to eternity, who would be slow to prefer the prison of a Paul and Silas to the crown of the mighty Cæsars?

Outward condition does not produce either happiness or misery. Beneath the glitter of human greatness is often concealed an arrow that drinks up the spirit. "A showy exterior frequently covers poverty at heart, while the smile that curves the lip of beauty may be but the mockery of joy." Separate from a heart and life conformed to those principles of eternal truth, which form the ground of our relationship to God in the economy of redemption, under all and any circumstances, happiness is but a name.

Corroborative of this, let us glance for a moment at the character of two distinguished females—Margaret of Anjou, daughter of the titular King of Naples, and Duke of Lorraine, and Mrs. Susannah Wesley, daughter of Samuel Annesly, LL. D., and mother of John Wesley. These personages did not occupy the same rank and station, but they stand forth equally pre-eminent in the realm of mind. To each nature had been lavish of her choicest gifts—magnanimous in spirit, patient to suffer, self-possessed and confident in hope. Alike they were tossed and driven upon the billowy tide of adversity, the one without chart, compass, or any port in view, while the other, amidst the gathering clouds beheld a guiding Star, which threw its radiance upon the darkness, and pointed to a haven. Let us follow them from the commencement of their career to its close, and draw from thence lessons of deep instruction.

Margaret of Anjou is said, by historians, to have been a most accomplished and noble spirited woman, comely and graceful in person and in manners, possessed of a highly gifted intellect, with superior advantages for education, useful and ornamental. In the domicile of her royal father the morning of her life passed like a "tranquil stream gliding through sunshine and flowers," until the announcement of her *entree* into the world of fashion, after which she became the centre of the brilliant circle in which she moved.

Thus far having within her grasp all the constituents of earthly bliss, was bliss her heritage? Listen to her soliloquy when on the eve of marriage: "Do I exact too much from the ideal ever to find happiness? Hope! fair is thy form to the vision of youth and inexperience—meet are thy tones of promise. Lovely, but ever in the dim distance, is the goal of contentment and joy to which thou dost direct my steps. Thus far with thee I have journeyed, and thou hast ever mocked me. On, deceiver! I will follow thee still!"

Mark the contrast. Miss Susannah Annesly, commanding in appearance, attractive in manners, with talents of a high order, and correspondent opportunities of improvement, moved the admired, the beloved of all hearts, but not in crowded halls, at the gay festival or the *soiree*. She did not aspire to

"Shine in the box, or sparkle in the ring."

She had learned to look upon herself and all her associations in the unclouded light of eternity. Conversant with the works of uninspired genius, she turned to her Bible as the book of books, and consecrated her acquisitions at the cross of Jesus, convinced that all the world calls good and great cannot satisfy the desires of a soul formed for immortality. Had she peace of mind? Hear her, in her retirement, conversing without disguise with Him who knows the heart: "To know God as a philosopher—to be able to demonstrate his being from all or any of the works of nature will avail us nothing unless at the same time we know him experimentally—unless the heart know him to be its supreme good—unless it acknowledge that there is no repose, no peace, no joy, but in loving and being beloved by him, and does accordingly rest in him, as the centre of its being, the fountain of its pleasures, its light, its life, its strength, its all. Thus let me ever know thee, O, my God!"

After the interests of Margaret became identified with those of Henry VI., of England, she was doomed to experience many deep and sad reverses. Hers had been a bright and cloudless morning. She was the flattered—the caressed—the admired. Yet happiness came not. She expected to find it in connection with a crown and kingdom; but how deeply was she deceived! In a few years competition for the crown, between Henry VI., and Richard, Duke of York, rendered her life, as the wife of the former, one of inquietude and sorrow. The incapacity of Henry roused this spirited woman to avenge his cause, and support, if possible, the regal authority. With unshaken firmness of mind does she struggle against wayward fortune, determined, at the expense of every thing else, to retain a glittering crown. Time and again does she levy armies, twenty, forty, and sometimes sixty thousand strong, and enter the battle-field, leading the way in person, to victory, or to death, urging her followers never to give up the contest. Again she is vanquished. Again she leads forth her army victorious, amidst the adulation of the crowd. And what is passing in the sanctuary of her own heart? Go to her palace, and learn her real sentiments. Sitting in pensive attitude, gazing with sad

heart upon the beauties of an autumnal evening, she says, "Welcome this twilight hour, after the feverish anxiety of this eventful day! Would that I could lie down, like a tired child, to *sleep!* but, no—

'*She*, like the world, her ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles—the wretched *she* forsakes.'

The world may think that fortune smiled to-day on me; but in my mingled lot of life I find no verdant spot, no happiness! But, O, *omnia mihi tempora sunt misera!*"—all are to me periods of sorrow.

The views and feelings of Miss Annesly, though of high birth and parentage, were such that the empty pageantry of rank and station never employed her mind as things to be desired. She entered upon the high responsibilities of the conjugal relation, aspiring only to be serviceable in her allotted sphere. "What," said she, "is the world, with all it esteems great, and good, and fair, compared to the favor of Heaven? It is not in wealth, honor, or earthly pleasure, to confer lasting good. There is none but Christ who is sufficient for these things."

After she became the wife of Mr. Samuel Wesley, as a family, for reasons inscrutable to human vision, they were called to pass through the *water* and through the *fire*. All, we presume, are familiar with their deep and numerous afflictions; and what woman, of whom we have any knowledge among the living, ever adorned, like her, the vale of adversity? Mark her triumph in the day of trouble. In a letter to her brother, of which her biographer says a more genuine picture of sanctified affliction was never presented to the world, she says: "I sometimes think, were it not on account of Mr. Wesley and the children, it would be perfectly indifferent to my soul whether it ascend to the supreme Origin of being from a *jail* or a *palace*; for God is everywhere. No walls, or locks, or bars, nor deepest shade, nor closest solitude, exclude his presence; and in what place soever he vouchsafes to manifest himself, that place is heaven. And they who enjoy the manifestation of God's blissful presence, are happy, let their outward condition be what it may. They are rich, as having nothing, yet possessing all things. This world is but for a time; nor will it signify who personated the prince or the beggar, since, with respect to the exterior, all must stand on the same level after death."

Enumerating one calamity after another, she continues, "But even in this low ebb of fortune, I am not without some lucid intervals. Unspeakable are the blessings of privacy and leisure, when the mind emerges from the corrupt animality to which she is united, and by a flight peculiar to her nature soars beyond the bounds of time and place, in contemplation of the invisible Supreme, whom she perceives to be her only happiness—her proper centre—in whom she finds repose inexplicable—such as the world can neither give nor take away!"

Let us again refer to the royal Margaret. Once more she prepared to strike a decisive blow for the crown. She commanded her army in person, leading her son through the ranks. But all was in vain. The

VOL. I.—44

kingdom passed into the hands of her enemies; and when sent a prisoner to the Tower of London, the Prince of Wales, her noble-hearted boy, stricken and bleeding at the feet of his enemies, her husband writhing with the dagger in his breast fresh from the hand of the assassin, that intrepid spirit, steeled to misery amidst the din of battle and the groans of the dying, began to quail and tremble beneath a combination of influences, that cast the dye of so rigorous a destiny. Succeeding years were passed in exile—in solitude—in sorrow! And at the termination of her stormy life, when the *dark angel* hovered, with noiseless wing, about the couch of pain, hers would have been comparatively an enviable position, could she have ascended by faith from the "visible to the unseen," and realized for herself that life hath its second spring-time, where the skies are never clouded. But alas! hope fled, and left her in shadowless despair!

As Mrs. Wesley descended into the vale of years, her prospects for the present life became much more cheering. The tempestuous noon-day was succeeded by a tranquil evening; nor did she forget, in its pleasant sunlight, where she had found a refuge in the storm. The family became distinguished, previous to her departure; but the world—its smiles as well as frowns, she cast beneath her feet. The fervent, continual aspiration of her heart was, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee!" And when at last she came to tread the valley of death, she carried within the soul the light of salvation. All was peace and holy triumph; and her last request was, "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God."

Thus we finish the picture. Much more might be said of each. I might speak of them as mothers, having committed to their guidance and guardianship intellectual being in its state of early pliancy, when the heart is as "wax to be impressed, but like marble to retain." Suffice it to say, while on the one hand the result is seen in an expiring child, the victim of a mother's misguided ambition, the pious influence of the other is still "*visible—still controlling.*"

How much one branch of the Church is indebted to her as the mother of its venerable founder, eternity alone will reveal. We might dwell, too, upon her manifest superiority of character, actuated as she was by the noble incentive of obedience to the Divine law; and upon the defective nature of human felicity, and the feebleness of all earthly props in the hour of trouble—of disconcerted schemes, and baffled expectations. Suffice to say, doomed as we are to survive the pleasures and splendors of earth and time, we know it is not for us to pay our homage here, but rather to bow beneath the hallowed cross, embrace its mysteries, feel its power, and ascend to heaven.

—•••—
"None are so fond of secrets, as those who do not intend to keep them: such persons covet secrets, as a spend-thrift covets money, for circulation."

Original.

PREROGATIVES OF FEMALES.

MR. HAMLINE,—Sir—Your September number has reached us, and as usual we have read it with interest and profit; and notwithstanding, in some of our *gatherings* of the east, we may now and then criticise you a little, I think from the present aspect of the work, that it will continue to merit general patronage.

Society has so long been accustomed to suppose that females must have a literature distinct and peculiar to themselves, that your publication, which attempts to treat them as if they had a right to explore the fields of science, must needs meet with some opposition at first, as an anomaly or innovation not to be tolerated. I fondly hope that your periodical may be instrumental in elevating the standard of mental and moral character among the females of our extensive republic.

It is not to be presumed that any jealousy at present exists which would crush or repress benevolent efforts, calculated to enlarge the sphere of woman's knowledge, as fraught with mischief and danger. I believe it is a point generally conceded, that from a view of our political character as a nation, indefatigable pains should be taken to educate our children; that intelligence and moral worth are the main pillars of the glorious fabric of American liberty. Now, as women are allowed to have an extensive agency in the early education of youth, how desirable that piety and learning should combine their excellent influence to aid them in this important business! Surely, every enlightened patriotic citizen must *rejoice*, rather than repine, to see that women are afforded a more liberal and extensive acquaintance with those branches of human learning calculated to elevate them to a respectable rank in the scale of being, and having a manifest tendency to lead them to adore and finally love the great Author of all the wonders and beauties which the heavens and earth present to their view.

Although unaffected piety throws an almost irresistible charm around the female character, yet a cultivated intellect has its share in giving permanency and sway to the impressions made on those who, at first, were only attracted by the loveliness and simplicity of Christian manners.

It is not to be disguised from even a superficial observer of society, that the influence of experimental religion on the female mind tends more to polish and refine the manners than all the studied and artificial rules prescribed by the most consummate masters of polite usages in human society. The reason is obvious—the manners, prompted by Christian humility and gentleness, have their origin in the heart—they spontaneously arise from an overflowing source, viz., undissembled love to God and man. While the woman of fashion puts on her manners, as she would invest herself from her wardrobe, for a particular occasion, the godly woman has a deep, inward well-spring of benevolence, unceasingly flowing in acts of kindness which as much surpass the artificial courtesy of the former as a thing of *divine* origin surpasses *human* invention.

1

But in order that this lovely trait in the character of a pious woman may have a still more extended and powerful influence, let her mind be enriched and expanded by solid learning; that she may not be pitied for her ignorance while she is admired for her piety; that the esteem and veneration for her moral excellence may still be heightened by the beauties of her mind.

I cannot for a moment suppose that any judicious friend of humanity would wish to exclude females from a participation in literary subjects suited to their peculiar station in society. It is equally derogatory, in my humble opinion, that they should be ostentatious in learning or religion; but how sweetly do the exhalations of both, perfume the sequestered vale of retirement—the quiet and hallowed scenes of domestic life. We need not wander from our own country to find piety and intelligence among females so combined as to render the fire-side a little paradise—a centre of loved attraction to the endearing relations of husband, father, or brother.

And while the thoughtless and heartless votaries of fashion are in the ignoble strife of seeing who shall flutter in the gayest colors, or attract most admirers, may your readers have the enduring “ornaments of meek and quiet spirits,” and be so gracefully adorned with heavenly wisdom, as always to be admired by the wise and good here, and to have the infinite approbation of the Source of wisdom and goodness hereafter!

FRANCES.

New York, Sept. 17, 1841.

Original.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

BY JOHN T. BRAME.

“Ye shall find rest unto your souls.”

O, WHEN my heart is all o'erwhelmed,
And hope's fair prospects fade,
And love folds up her healing wing,
And grief and time invade,

To thee I turn, my God! my God!
With all my sins and woes,
And on the bosom of thy love
My spirit finds repose!

O, earth! thy cup is bitterness,
And poison taints thy gales,
And vipers creep among the flowers
That blossom in thy vales!

Thine ocean is a sea of storms,
And many a gallant bark
Of burden rich, a home has found
Within its caverns dark.

Then let me turn to thee, O God!
Sole friend that mortal knows,
And on the bosom of thy love
My soul shall find repose.

Original.
EXCESS.

THERE is no greater teaching in the whole of God's providence to man, than may be found in the *law of excess*. From the simplest process, whether animal, mental, or moral, the bearing of this law is equally salutary as a study, and equally imperative on its object. I might perhaps have taken up my subject in its opposite of moderation, or morally, of discretion. But as in its course it is naturally excursive and widening, so in this way I more easily follow it out in its very largest, both of scope and bearing, in all that it contemplates.

The idea is one not only of infinite magnitude, but also of great solemnity and reverence, as being an ordinance of God the Creator; and considering its importance as a guard and a beacon, no less awful than as if we could behold the very pillars of earth itself, as extending and made fast in the heavens for the assurance and support of its habitant. Physically, and apart from man, the earth itself is fashioned and made firm, or at least regular in its rotation, its times and seasons, for man's abode, "with all things richly to enjoy" during that portion of his existence allotted to him *here*. The earth, I have said, is itself a teaching, to the sufficient apprehension of its tenant; that is, its "tenant at large," man. A planet revolving in open space, yet poised and balanced, and obeying a law as grand as it is precise; so that in tens of millions of years, amidst the myriads of planetary powers, not one exceeds, or interferes, or falls short of the mighty influence afforded and received, which the master hand prescribed to each as the law of its being, and which He for ever holds in balance. This view is *ascertained* to the astronomer, and *assured* to the man. Its best use is not of science, but of gratitude; its best contemplation, not of itself, but of God. Our planet, at a velocity of millions of miles per minute, to suit its external relations amongst the stars in illimitable space, is no less nicely calculated and adapted to its specific purpose as a world for *us*. The elements of respiration, of light and heat and moisture, of known and unknown agencies, all contribute and minister to man. In just proportion they keep him sane and sound; his soul, his heart, his mind, his body, are all cared for—all provided for: all this in the regular order of providence. But mark—some *excess* shall be exhibited amidst the elements of this fabric, and how it perils man. The volcano, the tornado, the over-surfing sea which we witness, are no more put upon us as engines of destruction, than they are presented to us as signs of certain disorder, suited to our terrified apprehensions as admonitions, as shewings forth, as judgments *in time*, as warnings to repent us and flee from the wrath to come. They are given to us as the signs of the times, and also do they afford a study that we can hardly disregard, upon the *law of excess*—a law which applies to us in all the phases of our being. Amidst the combustion, this uprooting of worlds, as it were, doubtless the disorder was not at all necessary to the agents themselves; and essentially,

never needed to occur. And no proportion of damage does occur at all commensurate to the mighty machinery itself. The whole exhibition is doubtless *within* our planet, and is presented with its partial mischiefs to precisely the eyes that *do behold it*. Will we not, then, be solemnized? The loss of life that occurs in these accessions of force we are accustomed to consider as "accidental," as "unfortunate," happenings, &c.; and yet are we not told that "not a sparrow falls to the ground without his knowledge?" Let survivors take the admonition to spiritual preparation, "for we know not in what day and hour he cometh." Let us not view the catastrophe only, but the cause. It was the *purifying* process only which we witnessed, but by a known law this happening of *excess* in its issues was *death*. Will we not then make the application? We are not disregarding that the physical elements of man, being "dust of the dust," are subject to the same laws of disturbance, commotion, violence and excess, as are the same elements under other forms of organization, in other spheres of being. We can also look on and know, that whenever and wherever undue action in one agent takes place, producing loss, immediately does some opposing agent array its battery full against the weakened party; producing wild war, and waste, and havoc, and destruction—destruction in the *particular*, in the large—*order*. But what in one field of God's creation is unconscious and irresponsible, except to its own righting and accordance, in another order is *not* innocent, but of conscious and self-knowing perversion. And this order is man, possessing along with his physical elements the incarnated spirit of truth—a soul; rendering to him by the alliance, a larger taste of good, and all the possibilities of winning on to higher fruition of joy, happiness, beatitude, on the one condition of *order* preserved. All his volitions, his tendencies, all his desirings are for happiness. What hindering power, then, what fearful agency, prevents him of the good which he would choose, and which God awards him? It is *disobedience* to God—it is the violation of reason, the outraging of nature in all her humanities—it is all-devouring passion—it is *excess*. He has exhausted his means, and squandered his life, before he had achieved or was ripe for the harvest. "Behold, the fool shall die in the midst of his days"—and this is the universal law applicable to every stage of our being. Take the new-born babe, a lump of life, a mere physical entity, but well shielded by nature; yet is he amenable to this law. Does his nurse over-dose or over-cram him, how instant is his suffering—how apparent is the revulsion of nature. The same thing in childhood, in adolescence, in all the stages of physical life. But let us take a more elevated range—take the youth in his moral being, in his accession of life, his aptitude to passion and to extremes. We acknowledge that before this, many mischiefs have accrued from vanities indulged, and from evil dispositions unregarded, and from all the possible besetments of Satan, even in the heart of childhood. But not so signal is the conquest, not so fearful the reaction, as in the towering, saucy, unrebuked, and

all-desiring hour of coming youth. Take one, perhaps, to whom fortune caters, with opportunity and means and parasites around—but not *one friend!* Where does that youth with whip and spur and goad, where does he tend for? What's the goal? Pleasure is the lure; he tends for *all excess*, but the goal—is death! Ah! woe to those who own him. By the law of self-destroying excess, by immutable necessity he finishes his course in the middle of life—he is old and decrepid at the meridian hour.

Man is not a machine of *one* purpose, like a locomotive or a steam-mill; he is multiform by nature, and each gift is sanative of each, of spirit, body, mind, if neither one shall overgo the other. But the disciple of pleasure in his career, goes on as if he had but one motive and one purpose—the gratification of sensual life. He effects that, perhaps, and all other possibilities are merged in it. By too much tension he snaps the thread of life; and of such an one we can say, "He is dead," and there is no more of him.

It is not to immediate and fatal issue alone that animadversion is demanded for our subject; for in its progress and career its mischiefs are *most* extensively felt in man's relation to man. If we go a little more into detail, we shall see that it is not at the hour of crisis and peril alone that nature cries out, Save! save! but for ever and all along may her voice be heard by him who heeds it. The pursuit itself, however innocent, if *inordinately* followed, shall incur the *penalty of excess*. The aspirant for fame and for the sympathies of the refined—the poor, self-denying student of sixteen hours the day, equally with the obdurate, the extortionate, the close-fisted disciple of mammon, ministering in the chamber of justice, shall meet a penal justice in the over-much of *application*. The one and the other are held in abeyance to the law of human intellect, which says, "So far shalt thou go, and no farther." Its ratiocination should assume proudly to say, "It is of *mind*; how can mind tire?" But deplorably does it find itself subject to the same law of exhaustion as the over-labored draft-horse, which at night-fall may be seen dragging its reluctant steps, even to the springs of fresh water.

The rapt sculptor, whilst chiseling the form of beauty, in his devotion and his self-forgetfulness, has been throwing dust upon his own head. In his work he has fashioned to himself an apotheosis to fame, unheeding of the grave that yawns beneath. The miser commits the *excess* of cupidity—he finds he has commuted not only innocence for guilt, but ease for care; and all who "make haste to be rich," shall, by too absorbing attention, have missed the times and seasons of better things, even *here*, and *beyond*; for God hath said, "Behold his children that come after him; they shall not enjoy." How know we but what even to *his consciousness*, these children of his own life shall suffer from his sin of *excess*—not perhaps in the matter of pelf, but in some accessory which this ill-gotten gain had procured them.

Too much indulgence of children is, I suppose, the most comprehensive sin that a parent can commit.

Too much indulgence in childhood at home, gives to the youth and the man abroad, the appalling aspect of hostility in all that he meets. The mere indifference of the world is accounted as unfriendliness; and its accidental collisions as arrayed in direct assault to *him*, only because *he* was not especially respected as had been his wont *at home*. Do we call him weak for this misapprehension of things? Do we blame his over-weening selfishness? No; he is the *victim* of mistake: for the habits of his whole life had *made into him* as a rule and a law that all should bend to *him*. We pity him, that at every turn he suffers the re-action of that law of excess which always rights itself, in measure or in mode—which yet a thousand shall behold, but hardly one be *wiser* for, except by the bitterness of experience—the goading of remorse in the tender sense of a parent's heart.

Should we take the items separately to which our subject applies, we could enlarge *ad infinitum*. See the self-seeking, the arrogant of heart. *His* purpose is the one object of life. His fellows are nothing—he is all in all. But behold—he encroaches too far—he goes on and on, but it is *not his own course!* for the *proud* is tending, by the fiat of God, to an eminence of pride; but it is the "pride which goeth before a fall." And so of all the rest.

Ah, yes—all! Behold a nation in perplexity—mourning and cast low. The reprobation of God is upon her. She hath sinned, again and yet more; in her pride she hath disregarded of admonition, of long-suffering and forbearance. She hath been *self-sufficient*; she hath departed from her simplicity; she hath "found out many inventions;" but her day hath come—she is humbled. In sackcloth and ashes she mourneth. Behold, hath she not sinned the sin of all excess.

CAROLINE M. BURROUGH.

CONVERSATION.

CONVERSATION is the music of the mind, an intellectual orchestra where all the instruments should bear a part, but where none should play together. Each of the performers should have a just appreciation of his own powers, otherwise an unskillful novice, who might usurp the first fiddle, would infallibly get into a *scrape*. To prevent these mistakes, a good master of the band will be very particular in the assortment of the performers; if too dissimilar, there will be no harmony; if too few, there will be no variety; and if too numerous, there will be no order; for the presumption of one *prater** might silence the eloquence of a Burke, or the wit of a Sheridan, as a single kettle-drum would drown the finest solo of a Gioniwich or a Jordini. There are prating coxcombs in the world who would rather talk than listen, although Shakspeare himself were the orator, and human nature the theme!—*Lacon*.

* Butler compared the tongues of these eternal talkers to race-horses, which go the faster the less weight they carry.

Original.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA,

BY THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

BY JOHN T. BRAME.

I.

LED on by stern Pharaoh,
In vengeance and pride,
The chariots of Egypt
Hard after them ride.
Exhausted and trembling,
They stand on the shore—
Behind them the foemen,
The waters before!
No shelter, no refuge
Appears to their eyes—
Who now shall deliver?
Hope withers and dies.

To the God of their sires, from those desolate sands,
They are raising their voices and spreading their hands;
Will He, who hath severed the fetter and chain,
Leave them here in these wilds, by their foes to be slain?

II.

Behold, the salvation
Of God shall be wrought!
No lance shall be broken,
No battle be fought—
No carnage shall crimson
The sand and the wave—
No arm shall be lifted
To fight and to save!
The *Lord* shall be honor'd,
His might be made known,
The nations shall own him
Jehovah, alone.

And the woe-stricken daughters of Egypt shall mourn;
For ne'er shall their proud-hearted monarch return;
Himself and his valorous captains shall sleep
In the fathomless caves of the pitiless deep!

III.

What hand now is moving
In strength o'er that tide?
The waters are parting—
The billows divide.
The Lord's chosen people
Go forward in faith,
And fearlessly enter
That water-wall'd path.
The dawn of the morning
Beheld them secure;
The last one is over—
Their safety is sure!

And where, on that morn, were the king and his hosts?
The breeze wafts the shrieks of their terrified ghosts;
Then "sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea—
Jehovah hath triumphed—his people are free!"

Pittsborough, N. C., August, 1841.

Original.

THE HOME OF THE FAITHFUL.

BY LUCY SEYMOUR.

"I go to prepare a place for you."

How wondrous bright that place must be,
Chosen from all infinity—
Selected by the Savior's taste,
By his immediate presence grac'd,
Adorn'd and furnish'd by his skill,
Prepar'd for those who do his will!
Hath human language ever giv'n
A picture of the Christian's heav'n?
Hath Fancy, in her happiest hours,
E'er painted those Elysian bowers?
O, for a seraph's pen to trace
The splendors of that glorious place!
O, for a seraph's mind to paint
That home of every faithful saint!
Methinks the prototype is there
Of all on earth that's bright or fair,
But brighter, fairer, purer far,
Than is the sun to faintest star.
Whate'er could pain, displease, annoy,
Is banish'd from that world of joy;
And free from all defiling stains,
True, absolute perfection reigns.
But Fancy is not left to trace,
Unaided, that celestial place—
To Revelation's leaves we turn,
And something of its history learn;
And though 'twas not our Lord's design
Fully its nature to define,
He hath, in comprehensive phrase,
Unfolded to the spirit's gaze,
Enough to make us wish to be
Sharers of that felicity.
And yet we read the sacred page,
And turn away, and soon engage
In low pursuits and trifles vain.
Rust gathers o'er the broken chain
Of holy thought, whose links had led,
Had we but ponder'd what we read,
To loftier aims, and views more just—
Perchance to high and steadfast trust,
'Till every energy was giv'n
To one great end—a home in heav'n.
My heedless spirit, yet again
Rub up that long neglected chain,
And guided by it, seek to trace
The glories of that blissful place,
And let thy future life declare
Thou wilt obtain admission there.

—••••—
"WHAT, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure etherial calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform?"

Original.

NO BLISS BELOW.

BY R. J. AT LEE.

O, I have seen the beauteous earth,
In golden summer time,
When leaves, and flow'rs, and fruits have birth,
And birds their matins chime!

And I have thought a fairer world
Than this there ne'er could be—
So full of life, and light, and joy,
Seemed every thing to me!

But, ah! the summer soon was gone!
Its beauties all were fled—
The warbler ceas'd his merry song—
The trees and flow'rs were dead,
And my sad heart would, sorrowing, say,
Thus pass all human joys away!

'Twas then a "still small voice" within,
In music spake to me—
"Place not thy happiness below,
But upward look to *me*!"

Then higher, holier thoughts were giv'n—
My soul receiv'd new fire!
Visions, all glorious, broke from heav'n!
'Twas then I struck my lyre
With bolder sweep—how *grand* the theme—
God and his love supreme!

I saw my being's destiny
Beyond the bounds of time,
And soar'd on wings of proud desire
To that immortal clime!

Original.

THE SOUL'S ASPIRATIONS.

BY MISS BAKER.

O, SACRED Spirit! light and life of all,
Who spoke, and earth came trembling at thy call,
While the glad morning stars exulting sung,
And heaven's high arch with sounds seraphic rung,
Dispel the gloomy doubts that oft annoy;
Inspire my mind, and all its powers employ,
Too frail to tempt this joyous theme, and high.
Prest with a load of dull mortality,
Soon shall my life's dim taper burn away,
And soon this form shall mingle with the clay.
In life's last closing hour, when parts the breath,
Say, does the soul unconscious sleep in death?
If its existence terminates, then why
These cares, these anxious thoughts, this boding sigh—
These restless passions that the mind employ—
This fond pursuit of pure substantial joy?
Why do the anticipated joys that seem
To glitter bright in Fancy's golden dream,

1

As they advance, like meteors in the blast,
Extinguish, sink, and thus elude the grasp?
Ev'n if obtain'd, the dearest joys we find
Are insufficient for the aspiring mind;
With earth dissatisfied, it soars away—
Explores some happier world, some brighter day—
Anticipates a rest while yet afar,
And fondly hopes to enter safely there.
When sorrow, like a darkening cloud, appears
To lower awhile, and then dissolve in tears,
From whence this hope, which gilds with purest ray
The passing cloud, that melts in mist away—
Which lights the Christian to a happy shore,
Where sorrows cease, and clouds assail no more—
Foretaste of heaven and pleasures that shall be,
When mortal puts on immortality,
And triumphs o'er corruption's dark abode,
For ever blest before the throne of God?
Lo! the untutored Indian of the wood,
In nature's beauteous works beholds a God—
His simple thoughts were never taught to rise
To golden realms beyond his native skies,
Yet far o'er mount and vale his glad heart roves
To purer fountains and Elysian groves;
Or in the glassy lake some isle of rest,
The spirit land, the home of all the blest,
Far, far away from toil and wasting war,
And all the ill thro' which he struggles here.

Original.

TO MARIA.

THE days of thy youth are fast passing away,
When the thoughts of thy heart will no longer be gay,
And the strength of thy frame will shortly decline,
Like the withering leaf, when detach'd from the vine.

Thy beauty will fade like the sweet blushing flower,
When pluck'd by the hand from its stem in the bower;
Thy blood will flow slowly, till checked it will be,
Like the stream at its mouth, when it stops in the sea—

And thy mind seem to fade: but *it* cannot decay;
Though its wintry walls may all crumble away,
Yet released from the chill and the damp of the tomb,
In the sunshine of heaven 'twill eternally bloom.

CAROLINE.

"BEHOLD'ST thou yonder, on the crystal sea,
Beneath the throne of God, an image fair,
And in its hand a mirror large and bright!
'Tis truth, immutable, eternal truth,
In figure emblematical expressed.
Before it Virtue stands, and smiling sees,
Well pleased, in her reflected soul, no spot.
The sons of heaven, archangel, seraph, saint,
There daily read their own essential worth;
And as they read, take place among the just;
Or high, or low, each as his value seems."

NOTICES.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD, TO KINDRED AT HOME. *By the Author of "Hope Leslie," "Poor Rich Man and Rich Poor Man," "Live and Let Live," &c., &c. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Miss Sedgwick is chief amongst the American female writers. As an author, she has many excellences. Some of her productions have displayed eminent talent, and have tended to promote good morals, and exert a wholesome influence on social states. The Letters from Abroad, unlike most of her publications, are not specifically intended for moral ends. They, however, mingle instruction with amusement, and may be read with profit as well as pleasure. Her book contains sketches of scenes which occurred in England and on the Continent; principally in the large cities, but frequently also in small towns, and on her journeys from place to place. They notice things great and small, as they should by all means, for upon this the graphic effect of description depends in no small degree. It would be a partial picture of human life, which should leave out of view those "littlenesses" which make up nine-tenths of its whole sum.

As a specimen of the notice bestowed by the writer on small matters, we present the following, from a letter dated at Wiesbaden, in Germany:

"After breakfast I went to the window, and here are my notes of what I saw. 'How freshly the windows are set out with flowers. Our opposite neighbor has new-garnished her little shop-window with fresh patterns of calico, and scarfs, fichus, and ribands. Two girls are standing at the next door-step, knitting and gossiping; and at the next window sits the self-same pretty young woman that I saw knitting alone there all last Sunday. It is a happy art that distills contentment out of a passive condition and dull employment. The street is thronging with fair blooming peasant-girls come into town to pass their Sunday holyday. How very neat they look with their white linen caps and gay ribands, and full, dark-blue petticoats, so full that they hang from top to bottom like a fluted ruffle. The bodice is of the same material, and sets off in pretty contrast the plaited, snow-white shift sleeve. There are the duke's soldiers mingling among them; their gallants, I suppose. Their deportment is cheerful and decorous.

"Here is a group of healthy looking little girls in holyday suit, their long, thick hair well combed, braided, and prettily coiled, and a little worked worsted sack hanging over one shoulder. The visitors of Wiesbaden—German, Russian, English—are passing to and fro; some taking their Sunday drive, some on foot. Beneath my window, in a small, triangular garden, is a touching chapter in human life; the whole book, indeed, from the beginning almost to the end. There is a table under the trees in the universal German fashion, and wine and Seltzer water on it; and there, in his arm-chair, sits an old blind man, with his children, and grand-children, and the blossoms of yet another generation around him. While I write it, the young people are touching their glasses to his, and a little thing has clambered up behind him and is holding a rose to his nose."

"If you recollect that we are now in Protestant Germany, you will be astonished at the laxity of the Sabbath. The German reformers never, I believe, undertook to reform the Continental Sabbath. They probably understood too well the inflexible nature of national customs, and how much more difficult it is to remodel them than to recast faith. We are accustomed to talk of 'the horrors of a Continental Sabbath,' and are naturally shocked with an aspect of things so different from our own. But, when I remember the dozing congregations I have seen, the domestics stretched half the heavy day in bed, the young people sitting by the half-closed blind, stealing longing looks out of the window, while the Bible was lying idle on their laps, and the merry shouts of the children at the going down of the sun, as if an enemy had disappeared, it does not seem to me that we can say to the poor, ignorant, toil-worn peasant of Europe, 'I am holier than thou!'"

One more extract, setting forth the emotions of the author on approaching the Alps, will give the reader a proper impression of her manner of speaking of things great and glorious.

"On leaving Bienne we mounted a hill, whence we saw the

Lake of Bienne and the lovely island where Rousseau lived; and it was while we were on this hill that a cry went from mouth to mouth of, 'The Alps! the Alps! the Alps!' Our hearts and—yes, I will tell you the whole truth—our eyes were full; for how, but by knowing how we felt, can you estimate the sensations they are fitted to produce? We have heard of the Alps all our lives. We have read descriptions of them in manuscript and print, in prose and poetry; we knew their measurement; we have seen sketches, and paintings, and models of them; and yet, I think, if we had looked into the planet Jupiter, we could scarcely have felt a stronger emotion of surprise. In truth, up, up, where they hung and shone, they seemed to belong to heaven rather than earth; and yet, such is the mystery of the spirit's kindred with the effulgent beauty of God's works, that they seemed

'A part

Of me and of my soul, as I of them.'

"Francois had ordered the postillion to stop, and for a minute not a sound broke the delicious spell. The day, fortunately, was favorable. The whole range of the Bernese Alps was before us, unclouded, undimmed by a breath of vapor. There they were, like glittering wedges cleaving the blue atmosphere. I had no anticipation of the exquisite effect of the light on these aerial palaces, of a whiteness as glittering and dazzling as the garments of the angels, and the contrast of the black shadows, and here and there golden and rose-colored hues. I have no notion of attempting to describe them; but you shall not reproach me, as we, so soon as we recovered our voices, reproached all our traveled friends with, 'Why did not they tell us?' 'How cruel, how stupid to let any one live and die without coming to see the Alps!' This morning was an epoch in our lives."

Our readers are doubtless aware that Miss Sedgwick is "liberal" in her religion. This to the devout reader will be cause of deep regret; but withal, by due caution in perusing her works, much instruction may be gained. In all her writings she aims to promote pure morals. The "Letters" are, in some respects, among her most valuable writings. As a picture of foreign manners and institutions, very few works can advantageously be compared with it.

AMERICA, HISTORICAL, STATISTIC, AND DESCRIPTIVE. *By J. S. Buckingham, Esq. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a voluminous record of incidents of travel and of hasty observations, written with ability, and commending itself to the perusal of those who are fond of well-wrought sketches. Mr. Buckingham is well known, and his readers understand what to expect from him. He has been a great traveler, exploring first the east, and then the west; and with commendable charity he seems willing to share his bias as a tourist with those who stay at home and mind their own affairs. Hence his diligence and fruitfulness as a writer.

Our fair readers will form their own opinion of his work on America, from the following account of *themselves*.

"The women far exceed the men in the costliness of their dresses and in the gayety of their walking apparel. There is perhaps no city in the world in which so many expensively-dressed ladies may be seen walking or shopping, as on a fine morning may be met with in Broadway. Rich and bright-colored silks, satins, and other similarly costly materials, with ermine-lined cloaks and the most expensive furs: white, pink, and blue satin bonnets, with ostrich feathers and flowers of the first quality, are worn by all who assume to be genteel or rank in the class of ladies, and the whole force of the wardrobe seems to be exhausted in the walking costume. The women, moreover, are much handsomer than the men. They are almost uniformly good-looking; the greater number are what would be called in England 'pretty women,' which is something between good-looking and handsome, in the nice distinctions of beauty. This uniformly extends also to their figures, which are almost universally slender and of good symmetry. Very few large or stout women are seen, and none that we should call masculine. A more than usual degree of feminine delicacy, enhanced by the general paleness of complexion and slightness of figure, is particularly characteristic of American females; and the extreme respect and deference shown to them

everywhere by men has a tendency to increase that delicacy, by making them more dependent on the attention and assistance of others than English ladies of the same class usually are.

"It is in private society, however, that one can best judge of both; and the result of my observation, after having seen much of them in domestic circles, and in large and fashionable parties, was this: as wives and mothers, the American women appear to be exemplary in the extreme; and while the interior of their dwellings exhibits the greatest attention to every thing that can give domestic comfort, an air of propriety and decorum reigns over all their establishments. In the private and social visits which we were permitted to pay to some of the families with whom we were on the most intimate footing, nothing could surpass the general good sense, amiability, intelligence, and benevolence which marked the conversation. The women were always equal to the men, and often superior to them, in the extent of their reading and the shrewdness of their observations; and though there is everywhere, on the part of American females, as far as we have seen them, a shrinking away from any share in political conversation, (the notion studiously impressed on them by the men, and not unwillingly entertained by themselves, being that it is unbecoming the timid and retiring delicacy of the female character to meddle with political matters,) yet, whenever they ventured to pass this barrier, and indirectly develop their views on public affairs, there seemed to me a clearness and a soundness in their remarks which sufficiently evinced their thorough understanding of the subject. The leading features of the female character here, however, in the best circles, are domestic fidelity, social cheerfulness, unostentatious hospitality, and moral and religious benevolence. There are perhaps ten times the number of women in good society in New York who interest themselves in the support and direction of moral objects and benevolent institutions that could be found in any city of the same population in Europe; and while the husbands are busily engaged in their mercantile or professional avocations, a good portion of the wealth they acquire is directed by the benevolent influences of their wives into useful and charitable channels."

In the next paragraph Mr. Buckingham adds:

"In the gayer parties of fashionable soirees and balls the ladies do not appear to so much advantage as in the sunny promenade or in the private circle at home."

We doubt not this is true, not only of American, but of all other ladies. May the hint never be forgotten.

ADDRESS ON FEMALE EDUCATION; delivered at the close of the second Annual Examination of the Canton Female Seminary. By Rev. W. Kenney.—This is a plain, but excellent Address. It shows what position woman occupied during the progress of letters and civilization, why she should be educated, and the kind of education she should receive. Under the last division, Mr. Kenney speaks thus of the importance of cultivating the affections:

"I cannot dismiss this part of the subject, without adverting to one other important, and indispensable element of female education. It is the training and cultivation of the heart. To accomplish this, means must be sought which lie not within the range of science and literature. These may expand and strengthen the intellect, they may develop and aid the reasoning powers—they may elevate and purify taste; but *pure Christianity alone*, can educate the heart. There is no disagreement between science and religion. On the contrary, it is the glory of both, that they perfectly harmonize in working out man's best good, and in raising him to his noblest distinction. While therefore their harmonious relation to each other, invites to their combination in molding and perfecting human character, there are many considerations that imperatively demand their union in the training of woman's mind. Placed in a world whose darkness is to be illuminated, whose corruptions are to be eradicated, and whose woes and miseries are to be removed or alleviated, how can woman be fitted for the performance of her part in this work of benevolence, but by a thorough acquaintance with that religion whose nature is light, and purity, and joy; and whose practical tendency is to 'peace on earth,

1

and good will among men.' And then, standing as she does at the very fountains of society—occupying a position from which she gives the impress of her own image to the succeeding generations of our race; is it not of the greatest importance that she be fitted to leave upon them an image of moral purity? To her belongs the work of giving the first direction to the impulses of a spirit that is never to die, and she should therefore be qualified to guide those impulses into the channels of purity and truth. For those responsible duties and offices there is no complete fitness, but that which is furnished by the 'wisdom that cometh from above.'"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Canton Female Seminary, in Stark county, Ohio, is a flourishing school, under the patronage of the Pittsburgh annual conference. Its Catalogue presents the names of a large number of pupils. It is accommodated with a good building, and all necessary facilities to acquire an excellent education. It is under the care of John M. Goshorn and lady, who possess every qualification for their work, and are pursuing their labor indefatigably, and with success. Canton, the seat of the Seminary, is a healthy and beautiful town.

WHITE PLAINS FEMALE INSTITUTE, in Westchester county, N. Y., is an institution recently placed under the supervision of J. Swinburne, A. M., and Miss A. C. Rogers. Mr. Swinburne is extensively known as the efficient proprietor of the White Plains Academy, one of the best institutions for boys in America. Under his care the Female Institute will doubtless become an excellent school for young ladies. Its Catalogue for the year is before us. It shows a respectable number of pupils. The course of instruction is liberal, embracing Latin, Greek, and Modern Languages, and the circle of sciences, together with all ornamental branches. All to whom Mr. Swinburne is known will have perfect confidence in his discretion as a governor.

CATALOGUE of the Officers and Students of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, N. Y., for the year ending September 30, 1841.—The Faculty of this institution is very able. There are three hundred and twenty male, and one hundred and thirty-eight female pupils. Total, 458. The departments of instruction are—1. Moral Science and Belles Lettres. 2. Languages. 3. Mathematical and Experimental Science. 4. Teachers' Department. 5. English Department. 6. Female Department.

There are in the Genesee Seminary great advantages for acquiring a thorough and an extensive education. Great praise is due to the founders and patrons of the school, and to the successive Faculties under whose government it has so abundantly prospered. May it not be hoped, that at no distant day the Ohio Wesleyan Seminaries will be equally prosperous and useful!

ECCLESIASTICAL.—The English Wesleyan conference was recently held in Manchester. The English papers abound in notices of its proceedings. No ecclesiastical meeting in Great Britain is looked upon with more interest than this. The movement of Mr. Hodgson of the Established Church towards a union of the two bodies was discussed, and a respectful letter was addressed to Mr. H., simply thanking him for his kind motives, and expressing a desire for more harmony among all denominations. This was a gentle mode of *waiving* the subject. The centenary fund has reached 185,000*l.* Wesleyan Methodism was never more prosperous. The Irish conference gave permission for the erection of an organ in Abbey-street, Dublin.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Sundry communications on hand will appear in our next number. We thank our friends for their prompt aid.

TO READERS.—The necessary absence of the editor for several weeks, has rendered it impossible to bestow as much care as usual on the last two or three numbers. Editorial articles will be designated as such, either at their commencement or by the signature "H."